MOTHER LOVE

MOTHER SONG

TWO CHILDREN OF THE FOOTHILLS

MOTHER PLAY

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To. My dear friend,
Abby H Stewart.
With loving Xmas Greetings
from the Author=

Two Children of the Foothills.

BY

ELIZABETH HARRISON,

Principal of the Chicago Kindergarten College.

"Such
A creature! whose? Not that of the slave
Who floated the block ashore on life's barren strand
And left it there! The artist's rather, his
Who saw in the rude block the Godlike form
To which he shaped it."

Nathan, the Wise.

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PREFACE.

If this record of a happy year spent with two children will help to make some other woman study more earnestly Froebel's great book I shall be satisfied. To any in whose heart it may awaken this impulse I would recommend Mr. Denton J. Snider's "Commentary on Froebel's Mother-Play-Songs," and Miss Susan E. Blow's "Letters to a Mother," from both of which books I have been permitted to quote freely. I wish also to acknowledge my obligations to D. Appleton & Company for their courtesy in allowing me to avail myself of the illustrations from their "Mottoes and Commentaries of Froebel's Mother-Play-Book," which are the reduced fac-simile of the larger pictures we used with these children.

E. H.

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Chapter I.

INTRODUCTION.

At the advice of a wise and experienced physician I went one year to the foothills that form the approach to the Sierra Madra Mountains of Southern California, in order that I might obtain much needed rest. My friend, Margaret Sayre, accompanied me. Being unable to find, in that sparsely settled region, the accommodations which we desired, we rented the deserted cabin of an early pioneer and settled ourselves to housekeeping, little dreaming of the new and interesting experiences which such a unique life would bring to us.

Our neighbors were most of them quiet mountain folk who had few interests outside of the details of their own ranch lives, and were, to my tired brain and overtaxed nerves, a constant delight and social entertainment in that they varied so greatly from the highly strung, overly intellectual life of the great city I had so recently left. We had also the constant daily companionship of two small, healthy, and unspoiled mountain children:

Georgie, a boy of four and a half, and his sister Lena, who was a year and a half older. As we were both Kindergartners we almost unconsciously began training the children; and the effects, particularly those brought about by Margaret's use of Froebel's "Mother-Play-Book," were so interesting to me that I kept a record of the same.

The "Mother-Play-Book" was given to them just as any other picture book would have been given and usually when they selected a picture she told some story to help them understand it better. Almost always, some game grew out of the story. Having perfect freedom, they selected songs from various parts of the book to suit their own fancy, or were called forth by some of the experiences of our mountain life. The pictures on the front and back covers of the book, which, unfortunately, have been omitted from the recent editions, were a never ending source of interest and pleasure to the children. They learned to recognize in the picture on the front of the book the ideal mother, loving and protecting her little children, their constant companion and sympathetic comrade in the home; and in the picture on the back of the book, the wise, brave father who had time to do his part of

the work in the world and still be a companion in his children's excursions. Margaret told them story after story concerning this ideal family, which they, without any confusion, arranged for themselves as the "Dear Mamma," the "Good Papa," the "Big Brother and Sister" and the "Two Little Ones." Many stories arose concerning the mother's loving work in the home for the children; such as the putting of the little ones to bed; the taking of them up in the mornings; the washing and dressing of them; the preparation of the food; the gentle soothing of them when they were grieved or hurt; the firm, unwavering discipline of them when they were naughty.

Oftentimes the older brother or sister, shown in the picture on the back of the book, were brought into the story. So real did she make her story characters seem that the children never tired of tales concerning the excursions and tramps which they took up the cañons and over the hills with the strong, brave father. Their discoveries were a constant incentive to Georgie and Lena to try to make similar discoveries; the fortitude with which the story-children endured hunger or thirst or occasional scratches from the briers, or cuts from sharp edges of stones, became ideals for them which

they strove to imitate in their tramps with us.

Margaret had a way all her own of giving a vivid, local coloring to her stories, until Georgie and Lena would oftentimes exclaim with delight, "That is just like our cañon!" "I saw that same big rock!"

These mountain children knew nothing whatever of ideal home life. Their grandmother was not the queenly woman represented by the first picture; nor was their father the knightly hero portrayed upon the other cover of the "Mother-Play-Book." In fact they were very far from these types of character. And yet this ideal family of our picture book became so real that we constantly found Lena and Georgie acting toward each other as the children in the pictures were supposed to act; and many times I personally saw them extending the courteous attention and quick, cheery obedience to their father and aged grandmother which the children of the pictures were represented to have given to their parents. Time and again after Margaret had told one of her child-like but charming stories, I have seen the little four-and-a-half-year-old Georgie sit and study first one and then the other of the two pictures with a look of the most absorbed interest, almost reverence, in his face.

Later on in our life together we had talks and stories about "The Knights" and they discovered for themselves that the armor on the father in this picture showed that he was a knight.

They were easily led to observe the family life of the barn yards, and after a time they learned to watch for the glimpses we had of the family life of the rabbits, quails, and various other wild creatures who were also our neighbors. Still later we gathered quantities of nuts and seeds and had many talks of the careful preparation on the part of the mother-trees for their offspring, in order that next year's young leaf-buds might be properly protected and have sufficient nourishment until they were themselves old enough to find their own food and endure the heat, rain, or wind to which they must in time be subjected. Soon came the talks about and plays with the little finger family in Froebel's "Mother-Play-Book."

So fully had the thought of this universal family life been awakened in our little children that they attributed family relationships to all things, even to the stars. I cannot forbear telling an amusing incident in connection with our observation of the evening sky. All four of us were sitting at twilight upon the little porch

in front of our cabin. Margaret was an enthusiastic lover of the beauty of the sky, and had often drawn the children's attention to the exquisite coloring of the twilight's afterglow. As we sat watching it, the brilliant evening star suddenly appeared in the midst of the quivering pink background. In a few moments a star of lesser magnitude appeared near the first star. "See the mother star and her little child," said Lena. Just at that moment another brilliant star came in sight. "Oh!" cried Georgie, "there is a papa star. Now we have the mamma and the papa and the little baby." In a moment more two other stars: "Two more of the children have come out!" exclaimed he in great delight. "Yes," added Lena, pointing with increased animation to several more stars which had appeared above the horizon, "here are more of their children coming out." They continued to count until the number passed beyond their power of arithmetical computation. There was no thought or suggestion of dividing the ever-increasing family. It was one papa and one mamma, with the many children. At last Georgie exclaimed, "Dear me, she has so many children I don't see how she'll take care of 'em all." "Perhaps," said

Margaret, "some of them know how to take care of themselves." "Oh, yes," he added quickly, "like the big brother and sister in our 'Mother-Play-Book' family." "See," he cried pointing to the belt of Orion, "some of 'em are marchin' just as we march." "Oh" cried Lena, "see, here are four of them making a square. I think they are playing 'Pussy wants a corner.'" And so the two prattled on, discovering in the starlit sky all the games and antics which we had played with them, but never once disturbing the one united family. This was probably due to the fact that living in this isolated region, they saw but little of the complex inter-relationship of the civic world. Later on in our life with them we led them to understand something of what the carpenter, the bridge builder and the blacksmith and other active workers in the trade world meant. The pictures in the "Mother-Play-Book" were of the greatest assistance to us in this matter.

But to return to my story. A night or two after the star family had been discovered we were again sitting on the steps of our cabin porch as the brilliant evening star made its appearance above the mountain tops. "Oh, there comes the papa star," cried the boy,

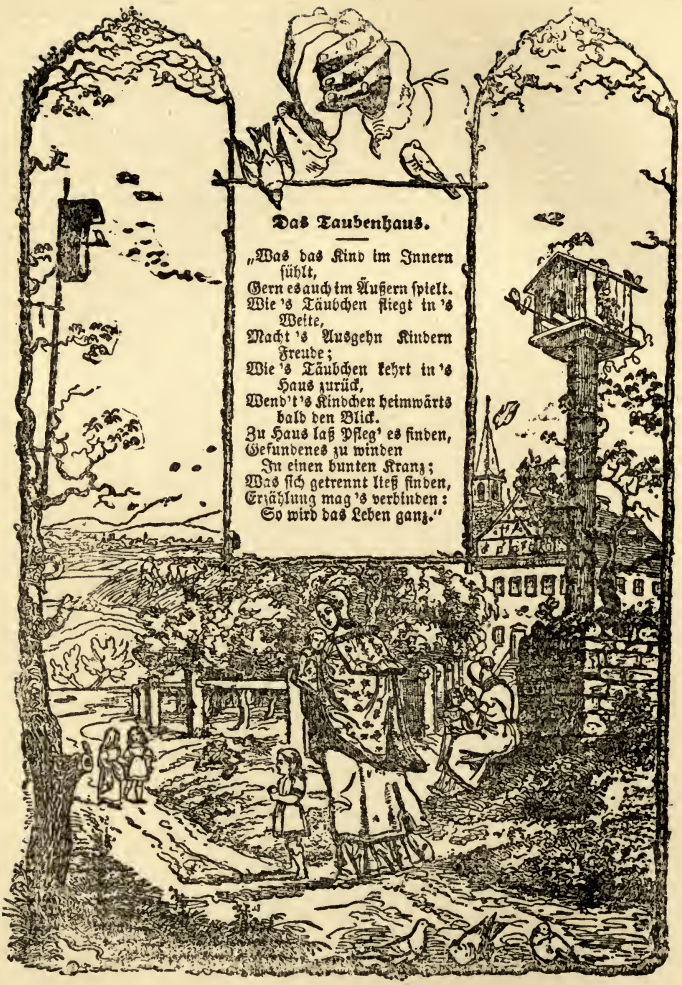
with delight. "No," answered his sister, "That's Wenus. I heard Mr. Midlin say so last night." "'Tis not!" cried the boy indignantly, "it's the papa star. Isn't it?" he cried, turning to Margaret. "Yes," she replied, "you may call it the papa star, and Lena may call it Venus. That is the name by which most people know it." "Oh," said Georgie, in a tone of great relief, "it's Mr. Wenus, isn't it?" From that time on the star family became Mr. and Mrs. Wenus and the little Wenuses. His quick adjustment of his sister's newly-acquired astronomical knowledge to his own poetic conception of the oneness of all creation shows how fondly the child heart clings to its world of imagination; and it verified again for me the sympathetic thoroughness of Froebel's observation of children in his song of "The Maiden and the Stars."

All children have some idea of family life but it was more deeply stirred within these children through talks and pictures.

Aside from the family life so lovingly and suggestively portrayed in our two pictures, Margaret called my attention to the mottoes which form their borders as an evidence of Froebel's knowledge of psychology. Out of "Mother Love," rightly used, grows "Pious

Feeling." Out of "Mother Songs," explaining to the child the activity of the world about him, grows "Clear Thinking;" out of "Mother-Play," which gives expression to the ever-increasing emotions and thoughts that arise within the child's breast, grows "Noble Doing." In these two mottoed borders can clearly be seen Froebel's idea of how the emotions, the intellect and the will appear in the almost embryonic life of infancy; and also his unerring insight into what they will grow if that infancy is lovingly nourished and wisely developed.

Taken as a whole, the following chapters will show, in some degree, I hope, that the "Mother-Play-Book" is richly suggestive to the mother or Kindergartner of how she may bring many of the "Eternal Verities" of life to her children.



Das Taubenhaus.

„Was das Kind im Innern
fühlt,
Gern es auch im Äußern spielt.
Wie 's Täubchen fliegt in 's
Weite,
Macht 's Ausgehn Kindern
Freude;
Wie 's Täubchen kehrt in 's
Haus zurück,
Wend't 's Kindchen heimwärts
bald den Blick.
Zu Haus laß Pfleg' es finden,
Gefundenes zu winden
In einen bunten Kranz;
Was sich getrennt ließ finden,
Erzählung mag 's verbinden:
So wird das Leben ganz."

Chapter II.

THE PIGEON HOUSE.

Our first experiment in introducing the "Mother Play Songs" to the two children, came about in this way. We took them one day for a long walk over the hills and through a deep cañon. As they had never before been off of their father's ranch, this was a great event to them — a real journey into foreign lands. They were intensely interested in our gathering of the flowers, bits of moss, richly colored bark, and other objects, which we generally carried home for the decoration of our cabin. They with true childish joy lingered lovingly over each spot. Everything they saw had the fascination which new scenes of life always have for children. When, however, we reached the point, on our return, at which their home came into sight, they both started and ran as fast as they could toward it. Reaching the house, they sprang through the open door and we could hear them shouting for their grandmother. Margaret turned to me with a smile and said: "Surely the glad

home-coming of the pigeons is a universal instinct in man as well as in beast and bird."

When, a few minutes later, we, too, reached the cabin, we found what we had expected, the two children were standing on the opposite sides of the old grandmother's knee and were both telling her, as fast as they could, in animated tones of voice, of the new world of which they had just caught a vision.

The next morning, without saying anything about it, Margaret quietly pinned to our wall a large colored print of Froebel's "Pigeon House picture." The children soon discovered it and with exclamations of surprise and delight, called to her to come and see it. "Who are they?" said Georgie, eagerly. "Where did they come from? What is that grandmother telling the little girl?"

The boy's imagination was so vivid that he always spoke of the people in the pictures as if they were real people. This may have been due, in part, to the fact that he met but few people — but was largely owing to Margaret's way of throwing herself into everything she did until it seemed to possess the life she imparted to it.

While the three still stood looking at the picture, Margaret told them of a family who

lived in a large house out in the country — father, mother, grandmother and five children; that each day the father went out with his oxen to plow the fields and plant the seed; that the mother, after cleaning up her house and getting the food ready for their dinner, would put on her bonnet and cape and take the baby in her arms and go out for a walk with the children. Then followed a description of the wonderful things in tree and shrub and plant, in rock and stream and moss which they saw, of the birds that flew through the air, of the snails that crawled on the ground, of the rabbits that darted out of sight and of various other forms of animal life. Finally came the return home from the walk after which the mother would busy herself getting their dinner ready and the children would gather around their old grandmother and tell her of the things they had seen. Most of all they loved to tell her about the white and gray pigeons that flew far above their heads and seemed to coo with delight as they talked to each other, high up in the air. The baby was not old enough yet to talk, so for his sake the grandmother taught the children a little game by means of which they could play that their fingers were pigeons, flying in and out of a pigeon house.

The story was easily understood, as every ranch house in the district had its pigeon house in the rear, and its flock of pigeons. "How did they play that their hands were pigeons?" asked Georgie. "In this way," said Margaret, sitting down, resting her left elbow upon the table and curving her hand until it was in shape somewhat like the roof of a house. The fingers of the other hand she made to represent the pigeons in the pigeon house. She then began to sing the simple little song about the pigeons flying in and out. She made the fingers of the right hand fly out, and round about through the air, in imitation of fluttering birds.

Two points of resemblance, the stationary hand, representative of the pigeon house, the quick motion of the fingers, suggestive of the flying birds, were enough to transform, to the children, the artless little finger game into a drama of Nature and they sat spellbound as Margaret again and again, at their request, sang the song and played the simple game. Then she suggested that they join with her and make pigeon houses and have flocks of pigeons of their own. Lena quickly accepted the suggestion, but Georgie shyly held back for a few moments; however, he too was soon partici-

pating in the game and called on me to come and see how many "merry pigeons" they had flying in and out of the dove cot.

The next day the children wanted again to play the "finger pigeons" as they called it. The game was played several times. Then Margaret said, as if the thought had just come to her, "Why can we not play that we are the pigeons and under the table here is the pigeon house?" The two children gleefully accepted the suggestion at once, but again Georgie showed a slight self-consciousness or rather fear of expressing himself in this new way by remaining under the table after Margaret and Lena had crawled out and, with their arms beating up and down in the air, had flown in and out and around and about the two rooms. No notice was taken of his timidity, however, and after the game had been played once or twice, and even I had joined in the fun, he cautiously began taking part in it, only occasionally lifting his arms in an awkward fashion and letting them drop heavily at his side.

Having made this step forward in the transition from their own lives to that of the life of the pigeons, Margaret then took the next step by proposing that we all sit down upon the floor and that I play the part of the mother

pigeon who had stayed at home; while they should be the pigeons who had been off for a merry flight and would come and tell me of what they had seen. The two children, not having yet fully identified themselves with the pigeon life, told of the chairs and the tables in the room. Margaret, however, spoke of seeing a green tree on the next hill, of the deep rocky cañon over which she had flown, of a stream of water from which she had taken a drink. The next time they played it, their imaginations had taken fire and they too saw things of the outside world. Little by little Margaret led them to review the objects which we had seen in our recent tramp over the foothills and through the cañons. At last, when they had seemingly exhausted their remembrance of objects, she exclaimed in great delight: "This time when I was flying, I looked up and saw the bright stars shining in the sky." Just at this moment our game was broken into by the father of the children coming in and announcing that it was their bed-time and they must go home. As they stepped out upon the porch, the beautiful brilliancy of the starlit sky of a semitropical country met their gaze. In a tone of joy that was indescribable, Georgie exclaimed, "Oh, Miss Marg'et, come here! Come

here!" We both ran to the door to see what new discovery he had made. Pointing upward he exclaimed, "Here are the truly stars and perhaps Jake Midlin's pigeons are seeing 'em now, just as you saw 'em when you were a pigeon." I speak of this trifling incident because it shows the transition of the boy from the mere dramatizing of Nature to the sudden consciousness of oneness with Nature. As he spoke and I looked upon his face, which was glowing with the delight of the new, and to him, important, discovery, I thought of that passage in Froebel's Commentary on "The Pigeon House," in which he says, in speaking of the pleasure which this simple game gives to children: "The source of this joy is that the game helps him (the child) to stretch his own little life so that it may include something of the great life of Nature. A yearning to inhale the life of Nature awakens early in the human soul. Mother, cherish this longing and whenever it is possible, give your child that intimacy with Nature which he craves."

This joy of finding some point of common experience between himself and the pigeons also recalled to my mind a somewhat similar experience which I once had with a little three-year-old girl friend who had gone out for a

walk with me one autumn day just after a wind storm had stripped the trees of their red and yellow leaves. "Don't you think the trees must hate to give up their clothes?" she asked. "They will be so cold this winter." "Oh, I do not know about that," I replied. "Let us ask one of them." With this remark I walked up to a bare maple which stood near by us. Looking up into its branches I said: "Maple tree, Adeline wants to know if it makes you feel bad to have to give up your leaves in the fall." Then in a low whisper I replied: "Oh, no indeed, they would be a great trouble and care to me in the winter time when the wet snow comes. I never get cold. Don't you see I have a good, thick bark on me?" The child's face became radiant with the new thought that the trees had life in them. Running up to this particular tree, she threw her arms around it and exclaimed: "Oh, I am so glad you are alive!" She, too, had felt the oneness of life with Nature.

There is scarcely anyone that has been much with children who could not give similar experiences. Therefore the importance of the little episode of which I have just spoken in connection with these mountain children lies in the fact that although accustomed to pigeons

all their lives, they had never before seemed to be aware of the fact that they and the pigeons looked upon the same objects daily. It is but another illustration of the old truth that it takes spirit to awaken spirit; that whole nations sometimes live in the midst of the most beautiful scenery and do not see its loveliness until others have pointed it out to them; perhaps not until some denizen of the dusty, brick and mortar city has come to them and exclaimed with delight over this, to him, new and marvelous manifestation of the beauty and power of the Creator.

For many days after this, the children were busy with pigeon life. They drew pictures of pigeons; they told stories about pigeons, and they played again and again that they were pigeons. In fact, this play of the flying of the pigeons remained one of their chief delights as long as we were with them on the foot-hills.

Finding that Georgie's drawing of the pigeons was quite unsatisfactory, Margaret took a pair of scissors and (thanks to her kindergarten training) quickly cut out the form of a pigeon with extended wings and handed it to him. This more tangible embodiment of the pigeon seemed to satisfy him far more than

the drawn pictures, thus clearly indicating his stage of mental development. In passing, I may say that the delight of the children in these forms cut from paper gradually led to a long series of free-hand paper cutting in which they attained considerable skill. All sorts of animals, houses, and people were cut from the ordinary brown manila wrapping paper, and served them in place of the costly toys with which the city child's imagination and constructive power is often stunted.

One of our favorite games, when trying to lessen the fatigue of the homeward journey after too long a tramp, was to play with the children that we were giants and genii who could change them, by a word, into various objects. They soon learned to respond instantly to the word of command. Margaret would shout aloud, in military tones, "A soldier," and instantly the children would become rigid in form and march along. Or again, she would say softly, "Trees," and the two would stop and stretch out their arms and slightly wave them to and fro. Sometimes it would be a rabbit and they would go jumping along in ludicrous imitation of the jack rabbits which are such familiar objects in Southern California. Sometimes she would command

them to become stones, and they would drop down upon the side of the road and lie motionless for a few moments. Then again it would be a stream of water and they would take hands and run in a slight trot along the road. Sometimes it was galloping horses. Sometimes it was the heavy oxen, dragging the plows; sometimes the steam car which once a day we saw speeding past on the Mesa below, whistling and ringing its bell. In a thousand and one such ways she trained their bodies unconsciously to express, easily and quickly, the thoughts which they had in mind; and many times she skillfully made easy and pleasant the long homeward journey, which might otherwise have been complainingly trudged over.

So true was she to her kindergarten principles, that in everything she taught the children each one played all the parts. So Lena was sometimes made the commanding genii and sometimes Georgie. Whenever it came Georgie's turn to give the word which would cause the transformation he always shouted out, "Be pigeons," and usually when any of the rest of us had finished a series of commands, he would say, "Now, let's be pigeons and fly." In this way he in time acquired a marvelous skill in bounding over the ground,

covering sometimes several feet of space; and one day he confided to me the secret that, when he wanted to, he could really fly like a "truly pigeon." To prove the same he stretched out both arms and bounded in light elastic springs over the ground, in front of us. Thus showing how truly the thought trains the body in skill, suppleness, and strength. If we can make the thought vivid enough it saturates, as it were, the whole body, and causes it to move in perfect harmony and unity.

Of all the many stories which Margaret told during our long intimacy with the children, one of his favorites was always that of the dove cot, which, as nearly as I can remember, ran somewhat as follows: —

"There was once a little boy who could understand all that the birds said, so, of course, he had a great many wonderful things to tell his mother each night when they had their 'good-night' talk together. This is what he told her one night: 'You know, mother dear, I can see from my window, the dove-cot that father built last spring for the pigeons. Each morning when Janet comes out of the kitchen and pulls the string that opens the door of the dove-cot, out flies the father dove and all the little doves, and the mother dove puts her head

out of the little round door and calls after them, 'Co-o-o-o Co-oo-o.' That means 'Good-bye, my dears. Have a fine flight to-day and come back in time for supper.' The mother dove's name is White-breast. I suppose that is because her feathers are all so soft and white; and the father dove's name is Strong-bone. I don't know just why he is called that. The name of one of the young dove's is Wriggle-my-neck because he jerks his head about in such a funny way. It makes me laugh every time I see him. His big brother's name is Bright-eyes. Then there is a little sister whose name is Gray-feathers, and another brother whom they call Swift-wing.

"And, oh my, how they can fly! Up! Up! Up! into the blue sky, and round and round and round; and then off they go, far out of sight. Oh, how I wish I could fly with them! What wonderful things I would have to tell you when I came home at night. But I can't fly, so I have to wait until they get back and then I go softly to my window and listen to them. You know, mother mine, the dove house is so near my window that we have grown to be good friends and they do not seem to care if I hear them talk. Well, to-night they came flying home just as it was beginning

to get dark. They seemed glad to get back as they came circling and whirring down to the dove yard for some supper, and then up to the dove-cot. As soon as they were all in the dove-cot I could hear them cooing and cooing at a great rate. I have hardly ever heard so much noise in the little house. At first I could not understand what they were saying. But by and by I heard the mother dove say, 'Coo-Coo-Co-Co-Co.' That means, 'You are all talking at once. Let's sit down in a circle and you can tell me, one at a time, what you have seen.' So they all fluttered about until they had formed a little circle around the mother dove. Then I heard White-breast say, 'Coo-Co, Coo-Co, Coo-Coo-Coo,' which means, 'Now little Wriggle-my-neck, you are the youngest, you shall tell first of all what you have seen in your flight to-day. It is so hard for you to sit still.'

"'Well, I should just say it was!' answered little Wriggle-my-neck. 'Dear me! Dear me! I scarcely know where to begin, I saw so many things?' And with that he began hopping about, first on one foot and then on the other until he hopped upon little Gray-feathers' toes. 'Dear me! Dear me! 'Scuse me, Sis. I didn't mean to hurt you. I was not looking

where I hopped! Well, let me see! Let me see! Where shall I begin? I saw some worms, and I saw some ants, and I saw some grasshoppers, and, oh, yes, I saw some weeds, and I saw some wheat, and I saw some — some — some — dear me! where did I begin? I saw so many things I don't know which to tell about!' And with that he began to catch his breath and to hop about again until he bumped up against Bright-eyes and Swift-wing. So his mother told him he had better stop talking until he could think it all over and not have to talk so fast. Then she turned her head toward little Gray-feathers and said, "Cooo-co-o-o Cooo," very gently; that means, 'What has our dear little daughter to tell us of her day.' Then little Gray-feathers cooed so softly that I could not hear all she said but it was about a little song bird who had tumbled out of his home nest before he was strong enough to fly and had fallen to the ground and had broken his wing. Then she said something, I couldn't understand exactly what, but it was about her flying down to his side and nestling close to him to keep warm until the mother song-bird came back from her hunt for food.

"Then all the doves were silent for a few minutes after Gray-feathers had told of her

day, until Swift-wing said, 'Co-co, Coo-co-co-co.' 'That was just like you, dear little Gray-feathers, you are always helping somebody.'

"Then the mother-dove, White-breast, turned to him and said, 'Co-co-co-co, Coo-co.' That meant, 'Come now, Swift-wing, and tell us about your journey.' Then Swift-wing ruffled his feathers and stretched his wings and looked as if he were going to start out again on another flying trip, but instead he shut his wings up against his sides and threw his head back and said, 'As for me, I flew for miles and miles, over the house-tops and over the fields on and on until I came to a shining river rushing along, and I asked it where it was going; but it hurried on without even answering me, so I concluded I would follow it and find out for myself. I don't mean to let anything in this world get ahead of me if I can help it;' and he ruffled up his feathers at the very thought of such a thing. 'So I flew on and on, the faster the river flowed, the faster I flew, until at last it plunged into the ocean and I lost sight of it — Crackie-me Jackie! but I was tired! And I had all that long way to fly back! I'm so tired now that every bone in my body aches.

"'And what did you learn about the ocean!' asked Strong-bone, his father. 'Learn!' said Swift-wing, 'Learn! why I didn't learn anything. I flew so fast I didn't have time to stop to learn anything. I don't even know what the ocean looks like."

"'Cooo-Cooo-Coo,' said the mother turning towards Bright-eyes, 'what has my oldest child to tell us?' 'Something very wonderful and beautiful,' said Bright-eyes. 'It was so wonderful that I am afraid I cannot make you understand it until you go there yourselves. I have often looked at the blue hills and have wondered how the world would look from the top of them, so, as to-day was a fine day, I thought I would fly over there and see.' 'That's right, that's right,' said the father dove. 'You never can tell how things look from high places until you get there yourself. I've had a great many surprises in that way.' 'Why,' said the mother dove, 'even we pigeons up here in the dove-cot can see more than the poor, dear children who live on the ground. You must remember that, my dovelings, and be very patient towards those who cannot fly. But go on with your story, my darling.' And then Bright-eyes told the rest of them about the wonderful

things he saw from the hill-tops. And when he had ended, Strong-bone and White-breast and Jerk-neck and Swift-wing all said, 'Coo-coo-cooo-co' that meant, 'Dear little brother, yours is the best of all. To-morrow we will go with you to the hill-top.' And then each little pigeon tucked his head under his wing and went to sleep.

"'And now, mother dear, I'm sleepy too. Kiss me 'good-night' and blow out the candle and then I can see God's candles, the stars, and go to sleep, for I will know I'm not alone even if I am in the dark.'

"Then his mother stooped over her dear little boy and kissed him and said, 'God bless you, my dear, you are my precious doveling;' and soon he was fast asleep."

Chapter III.

"*THE COO-COO SONG.*"

On one of our afternoon tramps, we took a road which led along the side of a cornfield. The stalks of corn had grown with the usual rank luxuriance of Southern California, high above the head of the ordinary mortal.

Suddenly Margaret disappeared and in a moment or two we heard the loud, clear call of "Coo-coo," "Coo-coo." Instantly both the children started to run in the direction from which the call had come, but Margaret was nowhere to be seen. Again came the clear call of "Coo-coo" and this time Lena, whose hearing was unusually acute, darted forward between two rows of corn. In a minute more we heard a glad shout of discovery announcing that she had found the hidden one and the two came hand in hand out of the cornfield, both laughing with the glee of the game. One of the fine things about Margaret was, that when she played with children she really played and seemed to enjoy the sport as much as they did.

Full of the imitative instinct which is such a

vital factor in the development of all children, Georgie now disappeared in the cornfield and by the time he had fairly hidden himself, cried: "Coo-coo," "Coo-coo," but before Margaret and Lena could reach his place of hiding, he ran out into the road crying: "Here I am!" "Here I am!" "Here I am!"

"Oh!" said Margaret, "Next time you must wait until we find you." "It is Lena's turn now."

Lena disappeared, going quite a little distance into the field. Then came the call of "Coo-coo," and Georgie and Margaret started out to hunt for her, Margaret purposely leading the way into one or two wrong rows of corn, in order that she might enhance, for the children, the joy of the re-union by the effort which it took to bring it about.

I soon heard the merry laughter of the three as the discovery of Lena's whereabouts was made.

Now it was Margaret's turn to hide. This time the cry of "Coo-Coo, Coo-Coo," was softer and betrayed less the direction in which she had gone, causing the children to listen much more attentively, Georgie started in one direction; Lena in the other.

"Georgie, Georgie," she called out reprovingly, "You are not listening to the 'Coo-Coo,' or you wouldn't go over there!"

Again came the soft quiet call of "Coo-coo, Coo-coo." This time Georgie paused, bent his head in a listening attitude, and started off in the right direction and soon again the glad shout of the children told of their joy in the bodily reunion with their friend.

Now it was Georgie's turn and as I sat by the road-side, watching the game, I wondered whether he would be able to remain hidden this time until they found him. He did, but his constant call of "Coo-coo, Coo-coo" showed his anxiety lest they should be too long about it. This impatience on his part was, seemingly, a trifling indication, yet it revealed to me that individuality and independence had developed in different degrees in the two children. We are all of us familiar with the nursery game of "Peek-a-boo" by means of which the child's consciousness of his own separate existence is developed. The baby who through all his waking hours has had his mother in sight is now suddenly shut away from her. A trivial thing you say. Watch the joy which comes into his face when the hand or handkerchief is removed from his

eyes — and you will realize that he, at least, has felt the darkness as a separation and now feels the reunion. Notice how children love to play "Hide and Seek" (which is but a further enlargement of the baby game of "Peek-a-boo") and then turn to this deeper game of "Coo-coo" where, though hidden from sight, the voice calls and so unites while separated.

This individuality and at the same time unity with others is a most wholesome instinct, and the mother, if she has insight, will carry the thought further on in her child's life until both freedom of action and joy of sympathy and participation have had their due and proportionate growth. With this in mind do we not realize the profound insight of Froebel when he wrote the words: —

"Why does your child hide at all? He might lie hidden in your arms, close to your heart, looking into your eyes with yours looking lovingly back at him. Does he hide himself in order that he may conceal himself from you? God forbid! He seeks, through physical separation, to heighten his sense of spiritual union. The length of time he enjoys being hidden measures the rising tide of his consciousness. The delight of finding you

again, the joy of being again found and seen by you, increase just in proportion as his thoughts, submerged in feeling, rise out of darkness into light."

Margaret's clear understanding of the deeper instincts of human nature made her not only a philosopher but an artist in her dealing with these children. Each time the simple game was repeated she made the reunion more joyful than the separation, leading the children always back to me before setting out again for another "Hide and Seek," thus emphasizing even the spot of reunion — a hint to many a mother who wonders whether it is worth while to keep up the old home now that her children are scattered abroad.

"The salient characteristic of the 'Coo-coo,' game," continues Froebel, '*is reunion in separation and separation in reunion;* in this particular lies a secret of its abiding charm, since the consciousness of union in separation (*i. e.* personality in union) is the root of conscience. The child's delight in this little game shows us that his spiritual ear is becoming sensitive to her still small voice." The truth of this statement was in time brought home to us by our experience with these children.

That evening Margaret took down her "Mother-Play-Book" and turning to the picture accompanying the "Coo-coo Song," she showed it to the children and explained to them how the mother taught the little baby to have courage enough to be left alone, by first playing with him the game of "Coo-coo" while he hid under her cloak, then persuading him to hide behind the low wall on which she was sitting, then behind the arbor among the bushes, and finally how he learned to play in the yard alone when the rest were busy in the house, only once in a while coming up to the kitchen window and calling, "Coo-coo" to his mother, who always responded by looking out of the window for a moment and smiling upon him. Thus the two children had not only the memory of their personal experience of separation and reunion, but they saw the same experience pictured in the child life in the story, where the beneficial results of increasing courage were portrayed without awakening in them self-consciousness.

This like most of the other pictures represents simple experiences which are apt to occur in the life of every wholesome child, therefore they can easily be made to reflect experiences which are vital in the life of almost any child,

and by being thus repictured they give an added art touch to this development. What the great art of the world has been to mankind at large, Froebel here shows the mother can be given to her child. Is not great art the expression of noble ideals and the deep aspirations which are found in the heart of each one of us, but which would have remained unuttered, had not a master-hand given form to them? So, too, these little pictures contain a master's handling of the small ideals and aspirations of child-life. It is often trying to a little child to be left alone, but some such picture as that in the "Coo-coo Song," handled as Margaret handled it, awakens an ideal within him, and quickens his will to strive to be as brave as the little child in the story, and thus leads him into consciousness of his own individuality and to a higher unity with his mother.

The game was repeated many times after this; the hiding sometimes taking place in our house, sometimes out of doors, but always carried on with genuine interest.

Early one morning Georgie came up to our cabin with what was to him an important piece of news: —

"Middlin's rooster has learned our 'Coo-coo' game," he announced.

"What?" I exclaimed.

"Middlin's rooster has learned how to play the 'Coo-coo game,'" he repeated, adding, "I heard him this morning before I got up, calling at the top of his voice, 'Coo-coo, Coo-coo, Coo-coo!'"

He thus showed he was beginning to transfer the game from himself to another, he remembered too, that the voice must call from an unseen spot. This was a step forward from the external game to the internal consciousness of a great truth; — a step which it is the aim of all of Froebel's games to lead the child to make.

A few days after this we chanced to be on the hill-top from which we could hear the distant whistle of the locomotive which once a day swept across the Mesa below.

"There!" exclaimed Georgie, "The steam car is playing 'Coo-coo' with us."

"So it is," said Margaret, "Let us find it before it gets out of sight."

The three started in a quick run to the brow of the hill and reached the spot just in time to see the serpent-like train sweep past and out of sight in the distance; the children shouted at the tops of their voices: "Coo-coo! Coo-coo! we found you this time," and a shrill whistle

far away seemed to call back to them much to their delight.

It chanced one day as we were returning from one of our rambles that we passed by a large vineyard, belonging to a friend, who had given us the privilege of gathering from it as many grapes as we cared to take.

"Let us take some grapes home this afternoon," I suggested.

"All right," replied Margaret. Then looking down at Georgie's bare feet, she added: "Georgie dear, you can stay here and draw some 'dust pictures.' The sharp stones between here and the vineyard would hurt your feet."

With the fearlessness of a mountain-bred child, he replied: "I will. I'll make three pictures and you can guess what they are when you come back;" and suiting his word to his deed he sat down and began to draw.

Margaret, Lena, and I started across the rocky space which led to the vineyard and were soon out of sight. The gathering of the grapes took more time than we expected. As we started back to the road Margaret called, "Coo-coo," "Coo-coo," by way of letting Georgie know that we were coming. In response we heard his call of, "Coo-coo,"

"Coo-coo." We had taken off our hats, using them for baskets and had piled them full with the delicious grapes. This caused our climb up the hill to be much slower than usual and so again Margaret called, "Coo-coo, Coo-coo," by way of reassuring the boy. This time the response of "Coo-coo" sounded nearer and there was agitation in the voice which indicated suppressed tears.

"That child is coming across the rocks," exclaimed Margaret, and with a quick, nervous gesture she handed me her hatful of grapes and hurrying forward, met Georgie about half way across the space of ground intervening between the road and the vineyard. He was crying as he slowly and cautiously tried to pick his way between the sharp-edged rocks, but the blood on his feet showed that he had not succeeded in avoiding being cut by the stones.

"Georgie, Georgie," I heard her exclaim as she stooped and gathered him up in her arms, "Why *did* you try to walk on these sharp rocks? Did you not know that you would hurt your feet?"

"Yes," he replied, "but you called 'Coo-coo,' and I had to come." The truth contained in the game was deepening within him and had caused him to respond to the call from

the unseen source, even though it cost him pain to do it. This is but one of many similar incidents which occurred during our life with these unspoiled mountain children, recalling to my memory many like incidents in my intimate contact with children under other conditions and amidst other surroundings, all proving how truly the kindergarten study guides the mother or young teacher in that most difficult and delicate task of awakening and wisely developing the habit of obedience to the voice of conscience. Some one has said that the church rituals in which a little child is brought up become "the mother tongue of the soul." Is it not equally true that the ideals of conduct formed during the play time of the child become the ideals of conduct by which he rises or falls in the conflicts that await him on the great battle-field of after life?

We had evidence of this even in the short year that we were with the children. One fine morning a somewhat stiff breeze was blowing in the upper strata of air, and a few white clouds were scurrying hither and thither across the blue sky. Some of the lower clouds touched, for the moment, upon the peaks of the mountain, then disappeared behind them and again reappeared.

"The clouds seem to be playing Hide and Seek with the mountains," said Margaret, laughingly.

Both children looked up and watched for a time the slow disappearance and gradual reappearance of the white mist.

"Do the clouds call 'Coo-coo?'" asked Georgie.

"No," replied Lena, "they are too soft to have any voice."

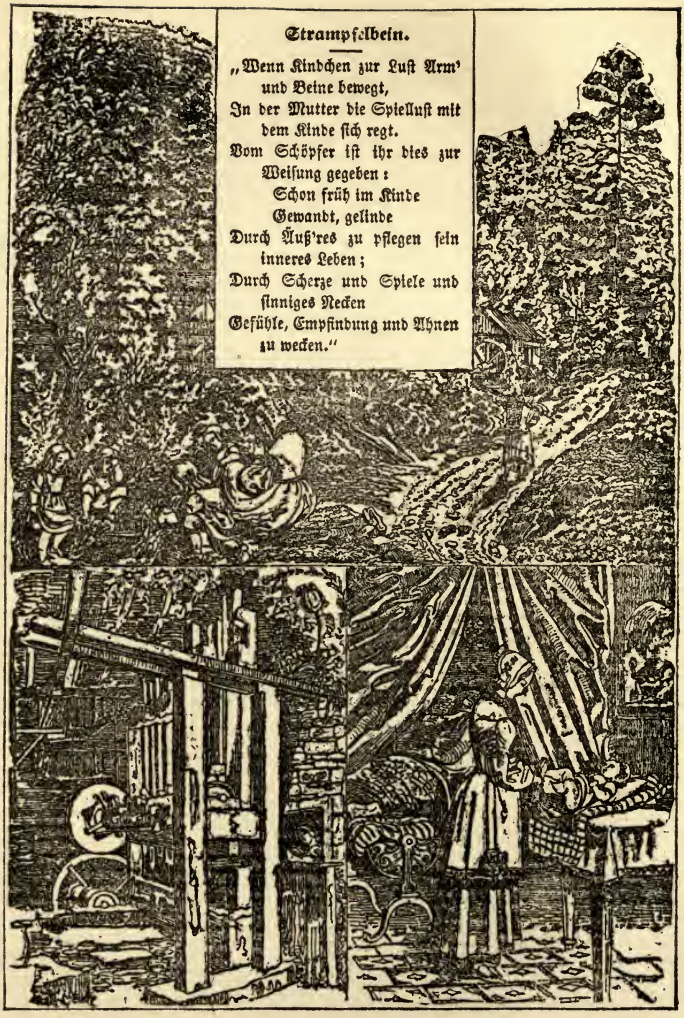
"Ah!" said Margaret, "the softest thing in the world can speak to us if we will only listen to it." And her own voice, as she spoke the words, was low and gentle. Then, sitting down beside them, she told in her own inimitable way the story of Elijah and the priests of Baal; of his fear of the wicked queen; of his flight through the forest to the cave on the mountain side; then of the message which the angel brought him, that he was to come forth from his hiding-place in the cave and was to stand alone on the mountain top where he would hear the voice of God telling him what to do. Then she described to them how the strong wind came and rent the mountain in twain and broke the huge rocks; but the voice of the Lord was not in the whirlwind. Then came the earthquake which shook the whole

mountain range to its very foundations; but the voice of the Lord was not in the earthquake. Then came a raging fire that seemed as if it would devour all the trees upon the mountain side; but the voice of God was not in the raging fire. Then came a still, small voice so low that no one could hear it except Elijah. He heard it and *knew* it was the voice of God and he wrapped his face in his mantle and bowed his head and came out of the cave and stood and listened while the still small voice told him what to do.

The attitude of the children throughout the story showed their absorbed attention and when Margaret had finished it Georgie remained with his chin resting on his hand, his eyes looking off in the distance as if he, too, were listening to the still, small voice. The children asked to have the story of Elijah repeated to them until they were familiar with its every detail. A week or two after this, as we sat reading under the shade of a large chestnut tree, Georgie came round the corner of the cabin and started down the path toward his own home. There was a sly, cautious expression upon his face and a certain slinking away of his body which indicated that he did not wish to be seen by us. Margaret had long

ago learned, as do all kindergartners, that a child's body mirrors the condition of his mind by giving uninterrupted expression to the inner mood. "Come here, Georgie," she said pleasantly. He shook his head. "Georgie," she said sternly, "come to me. I wish to speak to you." He hestitatingly obeyed. As he neared us the corners of his mouth showed that he had been eating some custard which had been placed in the kitchen window to cool. "Georgie," said Margaret solemnly as she drew the reluctant little body toward her; "You have been eating our custard without asking our permission. Don't you remember I told you that everything in our house was ours and you must not take anything without asking permission?" "I didn't eat your custard," replied Georgie, "the cat got it." Margaret paused for a moment, looking straight into his eyes; then she said gently, as she took her arm from around him, "Go over to the corner of the porch and sit down and shut your eyes and listen until you hear the still, small voice within you telling you what to say to me." The boy turned and slowly walked over to the corner of the porch and sat down with his back to us. We were all silent. Margaret's face was stern and full of pain. It

was Georgie's first lie to her. The strain lasted but a few minutes. Georgie soon rose, turned and came towards us. As he neared Margaret he said in a low tone of voice, "I ate the custard, Miss Marg'et." The stern look vanished and in its place came a radiant smile as she with motherly tenderness gathered him in her arms and said in the hushed, reverent tone peculiar to her, "Georgie, did you know it was God speaking to you when you heard the still, small voice? You and I can hear God speak just as well as Elijah did." Then she rose and taking Georgie's hand, walked off with him as if even my presence were an intrusion at such a time.



Strampfelbein.

„Wenn Kindchen zur Luſt Arm' und Beine bewegt,
In der Mutter die Spielluſt mit dem Kinde ſich regt.
Vom Schöpfer iſt ihr dies zur Weiſung gegeben:
Schon früh im Kinde
Gewandt, gelinde
Durch Äuß'res zu pflegen ſein inneres Leben;
Durch Scherze und Spiele und ſinniges Necken
Gefühle, Empfindung und Ahnen zu wecken."

Chapter IV.

PLAY WITH THE LIMBS.

One of our experiences, arising from the fact that we were in a region which was rainless for six months of the year, was that the breaking of a water pipe farther up the mountain left us for several days without water, and we were compelled to go each morning and evening to a spring on a neighboring ranch. The children, as a matter of course, accompained us on these expeditions and were given small tin pails in which to bring back their part of our needed supply. As the spring was lower down the mountain side than our cabin, the climb up the hill with the heavy buckets was sometimes fatiguing and we would have to rest by the wayside. Frequently Georgie would set his pail down upon a rock and emphatically announce that he was not going to carry it any farther. Realizing that he had had little or no training in the higher form of love which shows itself through service, after resting a short time, Margaret usually stimulated him by some play or story to take up his burden again

and proceed on his way. Once in a while, however, she would have to tell him that every member of our family must be willing to do his or her part of the work and that we were *shirks* if we did not do it. This always settled the question and, in time, led this somewhat capricious and selfish nature into performing certain duties because they were duties, even when they involved both effort and self-control. As I watched Margaret's firm insistence upon the boys performance of a few childish tasks around the home because she believed that work as well as play was a part of home-making, I thought of the many mothers whose unthinking love had robbed their children of this important element in character building.

Soon afterwards Georgie noticed for the first time, the old woman climbing the hill with a basket on her back, in the pictures connected with "Play With the Limbs." He at once interpreted it by his own experience and asked why she was carrying the water on her back instead of in a pail by her side. Margaret explained that she was going to the mill with some corn to have it ground into meal for her dear little child, who was sick at home, and whom she loved so well that the carrying of the heavy corn to and from the mill was no

more to her than our bringing the water from the spring was to us.

Having learned that both love and duty demand effort, he seemed at once to apprehend the love which prompted the old woman in the picture, and called Lena to come and see it, explaining it to her in his own fashion. It was in a thousand and one such ways as this that Margaret connected, when she could, the children's own lives with the picture in the "Mother-Play-Book." So that in time the latter became a permanent reminder of fleeting events.

Lena next noticed the mother at play with her children (on the left-hand side of the picture) and asked if she were the "Mother-Play-Book Mother." Margaret replied that she was, and they at once identified the four children as the brother and sister and the two little ones. The next question was, "What are they doing?" Margaret answered that the brother was testing a wheel and the three others were watching him do it. She then explained that they had all been up to the mill and had seen the water turn the cog-wheel of the mill and then had gone home (pointing to the house in the background of the picture) and had hunted up an old wheel, to which the

brother being the most skilled of the children had fitted paddles and had invited his mother, his two sisters and his little brother, to come down to the brook and see if the water would turn his wheel as it had turned that of the miller. Then followed some imaginary conversations on the part of the mother and her children concerning the wheel and to what use they should put it.

Usually, in these improvised family talks, Margaret personified each member of the family by a different tone of voice, always giving to the youngest the imperfect baby speech of a two-year-old child, much to the delight of both Georgie and Lena. It seemed to make more vivid the helplessness and dependence of the youngest child, and called up in our children the spirit of tenderness and nurture. When impersonating the mother of the family, Margaret always spoke as an ideal mother would speak, for the most part gently, sometimes gaily and laughingly, and again, when reproving the faults of her children, she spoke sternly and earnestly. Thus she used the opportunities, which such a book gives, to represent in stories, the ideal relationships between a mother and her children. Is not the chief office of literature, when rightly un-

derstood, to hold up ideal conditions and ideal results, both as to good and evil conduct? From this standpoint the book was literature to these unlettered children.

Her treatment of its songs and stories showed me more plainly than I had ever before realized how Froebel intended that this Mother-Play-Book should be the child's introduction into the *type-activities* of his race by means of the "vicarious experiences" which literature offers. I know of no other book which provides the occasion for so many ideal, yet perfectly natural conversations which might arise between a mother and her children. By means of these supposed conversations, and the comments of the children to and concerning each other, she gave them the view which their equals would take of their conduct if they had had the wholesome commingling with children of their own age. She many times thus avoided creating self-consciousness while correcting their faults and encouraging their virtues.

Georgie next asked if the "Mother-Play-Book Mother" had seen the woman with the basket on her back when she passed them. "O, yes," replied Margaret, "she was a neighbor of theirs, and the dear mother

stopped her and asked her how her little daughter was, and told her she would send her, that afternoon, some nice soup for the little sick girl." The children were next attracted to the pictures on the lower part of the page, and eagerly asked what the mother was doing with the baby. Margaret replied that this mother was a wise mother and had learned how to take care of her little children before God sent them to her, and one of the things which she had learned was how to take care of their little bodies so that they would grow up to be strong men and women. When a new baby came to her, she would give him each morning a warm bath, so that his body would be clean and sweet; then she would lay him on a soft pillow on the table in order that his back might rest. "You know that a little baby's back is always weak," she said. "Then this dear mother would laugh and play with the baby, holding on to his fat little legs, and calling to him to push them out. Sometimes she would play that his arms and hands were hammers and she would show him how to pound with them; then that they were rakes and she would show him how to spread his fingers far apart and play that he was raking the grass; then that they were bells ring-

ing and she would show him how to shake them merrily. In this picture she was singing a little song to him about the time when his wee legs should be strong enough to stamp on the flax seeds until the oil came from them, so that she might have it to burn in the little night lamp. "For," continued Margaret, "this good mother not only wanted her children to be strong and well, but she wanted them to feel that they must be of use in the world."

In the next picture to the left they saw the mother with the baby in her arms, looking at the large flax press, or machine, by means of which the flax seed were ground and the oil pressed out. As both children were perfectly familiar with the olive presses and olive oil of Southern California, they did not need an explanation of that part of the picture.

Again and again they afterwards turned to this picture and talked over the wise mother's training of the little baby to be of use. After a time Margaret dramatized it with them, playing that she was the mother and first Georgie and then Lena was her little two-year-old baby whom she taught to stamp the feet, to swing the legs, to whirl the arms, to keep time with the hands, and finally to move the

whole body in rhythmic motion as she sang to them. In this way she introduced many different bodily exercises, without in any way calling their attention to their own bodies, which is always a dangerous thing for a child. Frequently after that when she would call upon them to bring some object to her, or carry something home, she would say, "Now that the little legs are strong, do you think you can run home with them and take this to your mamma?" or "Your arms have learned to swing and keep time to the music, do you think they can work, too? Let me see if they can carry a bundle of fagots home?" In innumerable ways, as our daily life gave the opportunity, she carried forward the thought of the play that by exercise comes strength and with strength comes obligation to use that strength aright. Thus by play she led them to desire and to expect to be of service to others. However, with our little mountain boy and girl, this training had to go forward slowly. They were to learn first that which every other child has to learn first, namely, a definite mastery over their bodies, not for the sake of physical growth merely, but that their bodies may become skilled instruments of the spirit within. One day in talking of the mother and baby she

said, "The funny little fellow has not yet learned to talk, but says, 'Agoo, agoo, agoo,' but his mamma understands him and she knows that he means 'I love you, I love you, I love you.'" Georgie's face beamed with a tender light, and leaning over the picture he said: "I just *love* that baby." "If you love him now," replied Margaret, "how much more you will love him when he grows to be a big boy like you and can run on errands, and feed the chickens, and bring in the water, and help his mamma and papa in ever so many ways?"

The next day while in the orchard at some distance from the house we chanced to be in need of a hammer. Margaret turned and asked Georgie to go back to the house and bring it to her. This he was unwilling at first to do. "What do you suppose that dear little baby in our Mother-Play-Book would do after he grew to be as big as you are," said she, "if somebody he loved asked him to run and get a hammer?" This was said in a low tone of voice intended for his ear alone. The effect was an instantaneous change from a refusal to a quick rush back to the house and an exultant bringing forth of the hammer. This is but one illustration of the many ways in which these untrained mountain children were

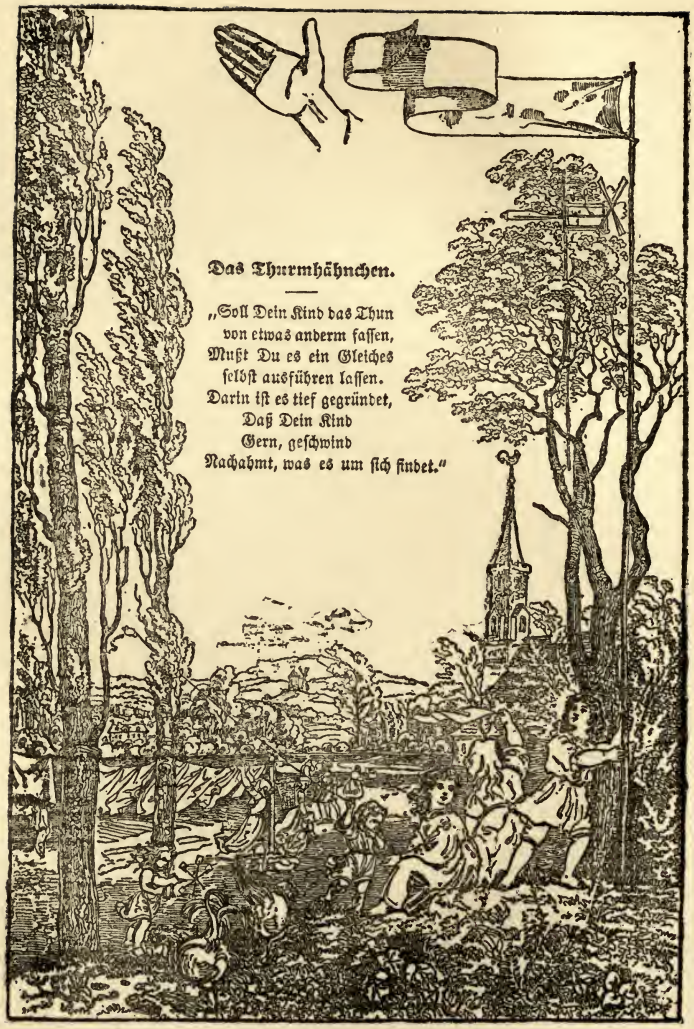
trained, first, to love the imaginary children in the picture book, and second, loving them, to imitate them. Although the pictures of this book are often criticised from the art standpoint, they are all so simple that the child's thoughts are held to the central activity of the picture and not diverted to minor details, which is an important thing often overlooked by illustrators of children's picture books.

The kindergartner, or kindergarten trained mother, knows that the thought underlying this little game goes much deeper than this, even down to the center of all things, namely that life is given from heaven; that the first dawning manifestations of it is a hint to the earnest mother to begin her work; that through "play and thoughtful sport" she is wisely to develop her child's emotions, thoughts, and will, as well as his bodily strength. Deepest of all are the lessons that it is only by definite deeds that right tendencies are established; and that her child being born into a world of institutional life where all must serve, he too must learn to do his part, however small.

In Mr. Denton Snider's commentary on the "Mother-Play-Book," when speaking of this part of the song, he says: "Over and over again in the present play-songs there will be

introduced the occupations of society to be played by the child. His destiny is to be a workman of some kind, and to give back again what he has received; trained to work he must be, even by play, so that when he comes to work, it will be as natural, spontaneous and easy for him as play; he will have already acquired the habit and will fit into his own place without friction. Thus an industrious character is played by the mother instinctively into her child; nay an ethical character, which refuses to take what it has not given to society.

"Herein the child is getting possession of his true patrimony; he is to be a free man on the one hand, and a link in the vast social chain on the other; a liberated soul reflecting the universe, yet a dependent being without, deriving his daily food from a vast order outside of himself. More and more is the world becoming free on the one hand and industrial on the other; the child must be trained to both, he must acquire inner freedom and just through it must fit into the great industrial order as a member."



Das Thurmhähnchen.

„Soll Dein Kind das Thun
von etwas anderm fassen,
Mußt Du es ein Gleiches
selbst ausführen lassen.
Darin ist es tief gegründet,
Daß Dein Kind
Gern, geschwind
Nachahmt, was es um sich findet."

Chapter V.

THE WEATHER-VANE.

In the picture connected with the weather-vane, these two little beginners in life's great school seemed to be most attracted by the boy who holds the tall staff on the end of which is a long flag. After they had called our attention to the boy in the picture, Margaret took a fishing pole and showed them how to fasten to it a piece of cheese cloth and then led them to use it as a signal flag to show which way the wind was blowing. Later on she showed them the other things in the picture which the wind was causing to move. The blowing of the children's hair, the ruffling of the chicken's feathers, the swaying of the clothes upon the clothes line, the bending of the branches of the tree, were each in turn examined and talked about. Time and again as we took our daily tramp, our conversation turned to the objects which were blown about by the wind. Not long after this interest was awakened, it chanced to be a breezy day. Margaret made each of the children a little paper wind-mill

which they carried along with them as we walked and whose revolutions seemed to cause them as much delight as it probably did the first man who contrived a wind-mill. Was not the instinct the same — the triumphant consciousness of power in man to utilize the invisible forces of the world?

This same instinct has doubtless given rise to the many legends concerning man's conquest over unseen foes possessed of deadly weapons, his subjugation of winged horses and vanishing giants and genii. It reached even deeper than this. The word wind and the word spirit are identical in the early Hebraic language. The childhood of the race climbed through a thousand sense experiences of a great unknown invisible force or power which came and went, no one knew whence or whither, to the consciousness of a mighty power, invisible yet real, coming and going in the affairs of men, no one could explain how. This power was called God. At last men knew that there was a mysterious something within each individual mortal, greater than external possessions, stronger than his body, mightier than his appetite and passions. This something they learned to call spirit.

In the song of the Weather-Vane, Froebel

would show us how to lead the child rapidly through these primitive experiences with the wind and other unseen forces of nature on to those richer experiences of the spirit. One of the stories which Margaret told the children about this time was that of the proud little Weather-Vane, with which no doubt most of my readers are already familiar. Still I shall give her way of telling it.

"Far across the ocean, many thousands of miles away from here, there was a small village where fishermen and their wives and children lived. In the very center of this small village was a stone church with strong, thick walls and pointed windows. On the top of the church was a tall steeple, and on the top of the tall steeple was a little gilded weather-vane." As she gave this description in words, she rapidly sketched the picture of the village with the church steeple and weather-vane, for the reason that the children to whom she was telling the story had never seen a church. "Every morning," she continued, "the fishermen would come out of their houses and look up to the little gilded weather-vane to see which way the wind was blowing. If the weather-vane turned toward the great ocean they would cry, 'Ah, the wind is giving us a fine day for our sails.'

And then they would get into their boats and steer for the deep water where there were plenty of fish, knowing that the great, strong wind which came from the tall snow-white mountain tops, would help them along, even though they could not see it nor speak to it. If, however, the little weather-vane was turned from the ocean, they knew that the great strong wind was blowing toward the land, although they could not see it on these days either, but that it would be useless for them to try to get out to the deep water without its help. So they would say, 'The wind says 'No,' and to-day is a land day.' Then that day they would stay at home and mend their fishing nets or repaint their boats, or do some other land work. Sometimes they would play with their children for an hour or two, and sometimes they would take this 'land day' as they called it to carry their fish to the nearest market town to sell. The little gilded weather-vane on the top of the tall steeple of the stone church noticed that the fishermen looked up to him every morning before deciding whether or not they would go out fishing or stay at home, and in time the foolish, foolish little weather-vane forgot all about the great, strong wind which came sweeping down from the mountain tops

and in the dead of night told him what to do, and began to think that he was the most important object in that whole village. So one night when this mighty, unseen wind came hurrying down from its home among the mountains and said, 'who-o-o-o, who-o-o-o, who-o-o-o,' which means, 'turn to the sea, turn to the sea, turn to the sea,' that foolish, foolish little weather-vane stiffened himself and said, 'no, I'm a gilded weather-vane, and I stand on the top of the one high steeple in the village, why should I mind you? Nobody can see you. You have no gilt about you. Nobody looks up to you to tell them whether or not they shall go out.' Again the great, strong, invisible wind that could bend to the ground the strongest trees, and even rock the ocean, whispered, 'wh-o-o, who-o-o-o, who-o-o-o,' which means 'turn to the sea, turn to the sea, turn to the sea.' Still the foolish, foolish little weather-vane obstinately stiffened itself and there came a sudden snap — crack — bang! Something had given way! The little weather-vane lay broken on the stone sidewalk below! And the great, invisible wind rushed past the church steeple on across the vast ocean! The next morning the fishermen came out of their doors and, as usual, looked up to the top of

the steeple to see which way the weather-vane turned, but lo and behold, there was no weather-vane there to tell them the direction of the wind! Then they looked at the branches of the trees, all of which were bending toward the ocean, and they knew by this sign that the wind was saying 'To the sea,' 'to the sea!' So they jumped into their boats, set their sails, and were soon out in the deep water where there were plenty of fish. All this time the little gilded weather-vane lay broken and unnoticed on the stone pavement beside the church. During the day the old sexton came along. 'Hey day!' cried he, looking down at the weather-vane, 'what's this!' Then stooping, he picked it up and looked at it carefully. 'It's broken, I don't believe it's worth mending.' But after a moment's thinking he added: 'Yes, I think I can fix it up.' So taking it over to his own work shop he mended its broken wing and the tip of its nose, and slowly climbing to the top of the steeple, he fastened it again into its old place, and after that the little weather-vane never refused to do as the great, invisible wind bade it do." The children listened with breathless attention when this story was told, then turning to the picture, they noticed for

the first time, the weather-vane on the church steeple, and a little later on, the arms of the wind-mill still farther in the background. The next day they asked for the story again, and again it was repeated to them, but this time it was varied a little, being told as the "Mother-Play-Book Mother" would tell it to her children.

Margaret then added the incident that there was a weather-vane on the church near their home, and when the little baby of the family was taken out one windy day he saw it moving back and forth and tried to do the same thing with his hand. "But he was so small, you know," she added, "that his mamma had to help him in this way." With that she took hold of Georgie's hand and showed him how to spread it horizontally and move it back and forth. Lena and Margaret then played that they were the east wind and the west wind, and blew alternately upon it, and he moved it accordingly. After this we had many plays and games connected with the wind, among which was the making of paper kites. Before another week had passed she persuaded the children's father to fix a crude weather-vane on the barn and the children took great delight in being able to tell which

way the wind was blowing. In time she taught them to sing Robert Louis Stevenson's exquisite little song: —

"I saw you toss the kites on high,
And blow the birds about the sky;
And all around I heard you pass
Like ladies' skirts across the grass.
Oh wind, ablowing all day long
Oh wind that sings so loud a song.

I saw the different things you did
But always you yourself, you hid.
I felt you push, I heard you call
I could not see yourself at all.
O wind, ablowing all day long,
O wind, that sings so loud a song."

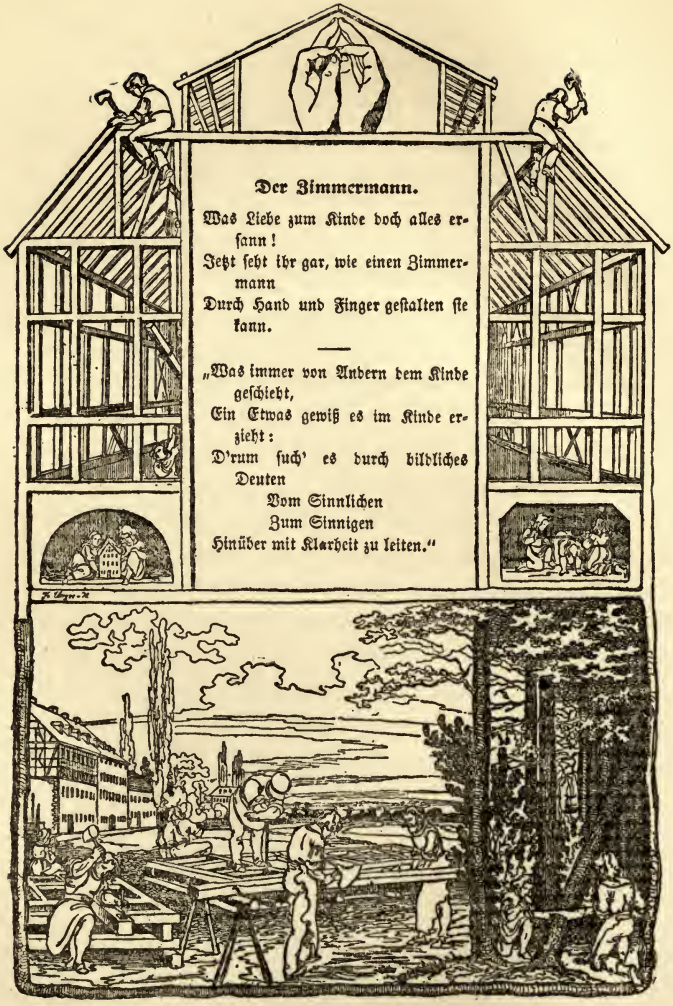
Margaret of course had in mind the deeper signification of Froebel's song, but she knew that the children must come into this by a slow gradual process that must not be hurried nor forced.

Therefore when they came to the study of seeds, Margaret taught the children to watch the growth of the tiny seeds into tall weeds and to notice the strange change of the little acorns into miniature oak trees. Other illustrations of unseen power were talked over, but the wind remained the most attractive of them all, and many were the talks we had about it.

They learned to watch the clouds as they flitted across the blue sky, and to know that it was the strong wind which kept them above our reach, and sent them first in this direction and then in that. Many other observations concerning the power of the wind grew out of this simple picture and the corresponding song. I do not know whether it was Margaret's reverent tone when she spoke of the unseen forces of Nature, which seemed somehow to connect with this picture, but it was apparently this song which first stirred within the boy a consciousness of unseen power. At various times he had asked, as most children do, "Who made the trees?" "Who made the stars?" etc., and Margaret had always answered quietly, "God made them." One day she took her Bible and opening it to the first chapter in Genesis she read to him, without comment or explanation, that simple child-like story of creation. His child-mind was deeply impressed by the power which this most suggestive Hebraic account gave to the majesty of God's creative word. It fired his imagination as it had fired the poetic imagination of the child race. Again and again he straightened himself up and exclaimed in a loud commanding tone, "*Let there be light —And there*

was light!" One evening as we sat watching the exquisite play of the long after-glow of a Southern California sunset, Georgie was unusually silent. He had brought out the "Mother-Play-Book" earlier in the evening and now sat with it across his lap. It was open to this picture of the weather-vane and the wind. Letting his eyes rest thoughtfully upon the picture for a few minutes, he looked up and said earnestly, "Miss Mar'gt, what did God say when he made the Mutter-Play-Book?"

"God doesn't make books, Georgie!" scornfully exclaimed Lena, who, playing near by with her kitten and a string, chanced to overhear the remark. The boy colored deeply and there came upon his face the pained and embarrassed expression often seen on children's faces when their earnestness has suddenly been scoffed at. "Didn't God make the Mutter-Play-Book?" he asked lowering his voice. "A true and noble man wrote the words that are in the 'Mother-Play-Book,'" Margaret replied, "but God gave him the great and beautiful thoughts that are in it, and taught him how to so write it, that mothers and little children could understand it. Some day I shall tell you the story of his life and then you will understand how near to God he kept his thoughts."



Der Zimmermann.

Was Liebe zum Kinde doch alles ersann!
Jetzt seht ihr gar, wie einen Zimmermann
Durch Hand und Finger gestalten sie kann.

„Was immer von Andern dem Kinde geschieht,
Ein Etwas gewiß es im Kinde erzieht:
D'rum such' es durch bildliches Deuten
Vom Sinnlichen
Zum Sinnigen
Hinüber mit Klarheit zu leiten."

Chapter VI.

THE CARPENTER.

One of our most interesting series of experiences arose from the study of "The Carpenter Song," and the picture which accompanied the same. It so chanced that the roof of our cabin needed repairing. A bundle of shingles was purchased, and one of our foot-hill neighbors was engaged to patch the roof. The children, of course, were alive with interest in his work, as they had so few of these external interruptions in their quiet life. Margaret took this occasion to call their attention to the carpenters on the roof of the picture in the "Mother-Play-Book." They had a long talk about what the carpenters were doing, from the sawing of the tree to the making of the frame for the house. Their next step was an inspection of the cabin in which we lived, which, fortunately, was unplastered, and therefore its rafters and beams could easily be studied. On one of our long tramps Margaret took the children to a log cabin further up the mountain where they saw a still better example

of the primitive construction of a house. She soon taught them the little finger song which accompanies the picture in the "Mother-Play-Book," as it brings out in such a distinct, simple way the changes and transformations which building materials must undergo before they are ready to become a part of the house. Thus was foreshadowed the transformation which character must undergo before the individual is ready to become a helpful part of the true home of which the house is but a symbol. She examined with them the rough bark of the trees round about our house, also the sawed ends of the ironwood roots, and stumps which had been brought to us for firewood. She called their attention to the difference between the two or three rough boards with which the walls were being patched, and the smoother shingles used for the roof. The children watched with delight the carpenter planing the former. After finishing his job the man left one or two long boards on the place. These Margaret gave to Georgie as his own personal property, and they were later made use of in his experiences at bridge-making, of which more anon. Of course, the questions were many as to what the children in the picture were doing, and Margaret explained

that these little people had watched the carpenter sawing a log of wood in two and were playing that they were carpenters and that the little boy in the middle was the log of wood. Instantly came the demand that the scene should be dramatized. Margaret's Alpine stock became a saw, she was transformed into the heavy log of wood, and the two children were the carpenters sawing back and forth. First one and then the other became the log of wood, and the carpenters sang in a chanting tone, "See-saw, see-saw, sawing wood in two." They soon learned the ditty, and when next day Margaret borrowed a saw of one of the neighbors and let them have the actual experience of sawing wood, they sang the words quite lustily. Afterwards, under the directions of Margaret, they changed a box into a doll house somewhat similiar to the one shown in the "Mother-Play-Book" picture. Later on when planning to take the children to town that they might have the experience of purchasing some Christmas presents, Margaret cast about for ways and means to give them an opportunity for earning the money which they were to spend. She felt that this would not only enhance the pleasure of Christmas giving, but would be an opportunity for them to learn the

real significance of money as the representative of past labor well done, or "dried will" as the Brook-farm philosophers called it.

The very primitive porch in front of our cabin had large cracks between the boards on its floor which sometimes proved inconvenient, as thimbles, spools of thread, and something of more value would occasionally roll through and get beyond our reach. Margaret, therefore, proposed to Georgie that he take some strips of heavy paper and tack them on the cracks, playing that he was a carpenter. By way of gaining her purpose of having him learn how to earn money, she promised him a penny for every strip thus nailed, providing he did it well. At first he was delighted with the prospect, and began tacking on the paper quite vigorously. In a few moments she noticed his work, and that the tacks were too close together. She explained the same to him and showed him the distance apart she wished them to be placed. He demurred against taking them out and doing the work over again. "Very well," said Margaret, "you evidently are not a good carpenter, else you would want your work to be well done. I do not care to employ a poor carpenter, as every time I looked at the crooked tacks crowded up to-

gether I should have to think, 'Dear me, how poorly that carpenter has learned his trade! He will never earn money, nor will his work ever satisfy people.'"

The boy looked thoughtfully at his poor work, then slowly began extracting the tacks. By way of encouraging him, now that he had undertaken the tedious task, Margaret laid aside her sewing and helped him, showing him how to so draw out the tacks as not to tear the heavy paper. Cheerfulness was soon restored by this sympathetic co-operation, and the task was ended in a short time. Then she took a piece of chalk and a carpenter's rule and showed how to use the latter in measuring and marking the places at which the tacks were to be inserted, thus making more definite their orderly placing and also imparting the lesson she wished to inculcate. This new feature of the work proved quite attractive for a time. In a little while, however, the boy grew tired of the restrictions which had been insisted upon, and began nailing the tacks quite far apart.

When Margaret objected to this he replied: "What's the use of minding so much how they go?" "What," she replied, "is the use of the man's fixing our roof just right?

Why could he not leave holes between the shingles." "O," said he, "they would let the rain come in again, and you would not pay him for his job." "Neither will I pay you for your job unless it is done right," she answered, at the same time getting out some bright shining pennies, which she had reserved as pay for the various other jobs of work she had devised for him and Lena. The sight of the money stimulated him to take up again his hammer, and kneeling down he continued his tacking, until at last the first strip was nailed correctly. Margaret then proposed that their work cease for that day, and that they should put up the tools and start for a walk. "Did the carpenters in the 'Mother-Play-Book' take a walk?" asked the boy. "Sometimes," she answered, "when they were tired they rested." And so she avoided that extremely difficult question which is so serious a problem to the students of sociology — that of the too long hours which tax laborers. She would not bring to a child's consciousness the injustice which is being done in the world until he had clear and definite ideas of right and justice. She would have the foundations of harmony established first, before she introduced him to inharmony.

She paid him the penny for the strip, and they started in high spirits for their walk. The next day they resumed the work, and again it had to be frequently undone, but by the time the third strip was nailed down Georgie had evidently gained a definite amount of pride in skilled work; for when Lena joined him in nailing the strips over the cracks, he was very emphatic in pointing out to her how to measure the distance between the tacks, and insisted that she should do her work in a workman-like and satisfactory fashion. I noticed also, that from this time on he had more respect for the carpenter. In their frequent talks about the picture, Margaret emphasized what to almost every student of Froebel has always seemed the most fascinating part of it; reference has already been made to it, namely: the slow, steady transformation of long into short; of crooked into straight; of round into flat; of rough into smooth, so that all might combine together to make a larger and more beautiful home than any number of pieces could have made by themselves. This song always suggested a spiritual counterpart — the permanent, ethical institutions of the world, which arise by means of the inner

discipline of the individuals who create them. Take the family life alone, and how does it ever become the protecting, sheltering, beautiful environment for the little child, except the father and mother shorten, if necessary, the time and space which they have heretofore given to themselves, make smooth the rough parts of their own characters, straighten out the crooked eccentricities, and flatten with a sharp plane the active protuberances of self-assertion. A thousand and one analogies between the family and the family shelter, the house, arise in a thoughtful study of this little song. Even more significant, perhaps, is this symbolism when we compare the institution of the State with its dome-crowned State house. More united effort has to be put forth, more conciliation has to be exercised, more forbearance, more obedience to law and order, that the strong protecting power of the State may shield and prosper the many homes by its protecting law: all this is suggested by the wide dome, reaching in all directions.

Often in Margaret's past experiences, she had taken occasion to hang in her kindergarten, various pictures of sweet and simple homes, of large and roomy schoolhouses, of stately

domed courthouses, of churches with high-reaching spires, when she was leading her children to observe the carpenter's work, in order that while they were interested in building they might incidentally gain some faint impression of the great message of architecture, which, when rightly understood, tells in language unalterable the ethical condition of the race or nation which built it. With these children she unfortunately had no architectural pictures, but she made good the deficiency by several stories in which the houses of peasants, forts of soldiers, castles of knights, and palaces of kings, were described. I remember especially the story of the fisherman and the genius of the bottle, which she altered to suit the purposes she had in mind. Margaret told the old Arabian tale in this fashion: —

"Once there was a poor fisherman who lived with his wife in a small hut containing two rooms. They were near the sea, though out of sight of the point at which he took his boat every day to go out fishing. Poor as they were, they were happy. The fisherman worked hard to earn the scanty sum of money with which they bought their food and clothing; and his wife worked equally hard to keep the little home clean and sweet and to make the

money go as far as possible in her purchase of the simple food and the few plain clothes they wore. Each worked for the love of the other, and therefore the work did not seem hard or taxing to them.

"One day after the fisherman had been fishing a long time without much success he suddenly felt a heavy weight pulling down his rod. 'Aha!' he thought, 'I have caught a large fish this time.' So he pulled on the string with all his might and much to his surprise when at last the hook appeared above the surface of the water, he saw attached to it not the large fish he had expected, but a small, black bottle. He drew in the end of the line, intending to disentangle the hook from the wire twisted around the stopper, and threw the bottle overboard. Imagine his surprise when he took hold of the bottle to find that it was so heavy he could hardly lift it, though it was not much longer than his own hand. This made him stop to examine what kind of a bottle it could be which was so heavy and yet so small. In examining it closely he noticed that the cork was sealed with a strange red sealing-wax, on which were some letters that he could not read. While studying these letters he saw

that something inside of the bottle was moving. Holding it up between his eyes and the sun, that he might plainly see through the dark glass, he thought he saw the form of a tiny, tiny man — or manikin, one might almost call it. Just at that moment he heard a wee small voice calling to him, 'Let me out! Let me out! Let me out, and I will grant you any wish you may make.' This frightened him and he was about to throw the bottle into the sea, fearing it was some enchantment or evil spirit which had been shut up in it, when again he heard the wee voice calling: 'O, please, please let me out, and I will promise on my life that I will do you no harm. Let me me out! Let me out, and I will grant you any wish you may make.' 'Please let me out. I have been shut up in this little glass house a thousand years! Let me out! Let me out, and you will see that genii have the power to help mortals. Please let me out!' And the little manikin inside the bottle fairly danced up and down in his anxiety. The fisherman was a kind-hearted man, and although he could not understand how any being could be shut up inside of a glass bottle for a thousand years and yet have strength and power enough to be of any use

to him, still he felt sorry for the little fellow, and good-naturedly struck the neck of the bottle against the side of his boat and broke it open. In a moment a cloud of soft gray smoke poured out and reached higher and higher and spread out farther and farther until it gradually took the shape of an immense giant. The spirit of the bottle stood balancing himself on the water and looking down at the fisherman, who now in comparison appeared to be a little manikin himself. With wide open eyes and lips dropped apart the fisherman stood staring at the spirit. It was now the tall genius' turn to be kind and good-natured, so looking down upon the fisherman he said pleasantly: 'Thank you for having freed me from that terrible bottle. For a thousand years I have waited in the bottom of the sea for somebody to fish me up, and now that I am out of the bottle and able to stretch my limbs as far as I wish, I feel glad enough to give you any gift you may desire.' The fisherman's first thought was about his wife and what would most please her. He remembered their little hut with its two small rooms, and how his wife had often said she wished they had a third room in which they could entertain their friends sometimes. So, thought he to

himself, now is my chance to give her a house as big as her heart can desire. Turning to the huge genius of the bottle, he said: 'If you really have the power of granting my wish, change my little hut, which stands just beyond the cover of the land to the right, into a four-room house with good shingles on the roof instead of straw, and with furniture inside such as is bought in stores, instead of the old wooden beds and tables which my father and grandfather made out of logs of wood from the forest.'

"'Your wish is granted,' replied the genius 'Row at once to the shore, go to your home and see if I have not kept my promise. I shall await your return here, and if there is any change you would like to have made in the house, let me know and I shall make it for you before I go away.'

"The fisherman, only half believing that one of the genii could really do such a wonderful thing, rowed with all his might to the shore, fastened his boat to a large rock, and hastened round the sand dune toward his home. There, sure enough, on the spot where had stood his little straw thatched hut, now was seen a good frame house, with four bright, sunshiney rooms, a shingled roof, and well

made doors and windows. Rushing into the house he found his wife standing in the middle of it amazed at the sudden transformation which had taken place around her. In a few quick words he explained to her how it had happened. 'Dear me,' said the woman, 'if you had such a chance as that, why did you not wish for a two-story brick house with bed rooms upstairs and a dining-room, parlor and kitchen downstairs. While we are getting something for nothing we might as well get all we can.' 'That is true,' said the fisherman, 'I shall go back and tell the spirit to change this house into a two-story brick house with four rooms upstairs and four rooms downstairs, and I will ask him to furnish it accordingly.' 'All right,' said his wife, and back to the sea-shore ran the fisherman.

"'There, sure enough, stood the genius, tall and smoky and white as any cloud you ever saw in the sky, with just enough of his face discernible to see that he was smiling as if he were waiting the fisherman's thanks for the magic change he had wrought in his humble hut.

"'I do not think you have done enough for me,' began the fisherman. 'What more do you wish?' asked the genius, in a tone of dis-

appointment. 'I want the house changed into a two-story brick house with four bed rooms upstairs and a parlor, living-room, dining-room and kitchen downstairs, all well furnished.' 'Your wish is granted,' said the genius. Had the fisherman been thinking of the genius instead of himself, he would have noticed that there was less pleasure in his voice than before; but he turned and ran with all his might around the sand dunes toward his home, and as he came in sight of it, there, sure enough, stood a two-story brick house with four rooms upstairs and four rooms downstairs, and all well furnished. As he entered it his wife met him in the front room. 'How will this do,' said the fisherman proudly. 'O, this is much better,' said his wife, 'than the last one, but since you have gotten hold of such a wonderful being, why not make as much use of him as you can! We might just as well have a stone house, with ten or twelve rooms in it, in which we can entertain all the people we know at one time.' 'That is true,' said the fisherman, 'and while I am asking for the big stone house, I think I will ask him to put a broad porch on the front of it and a large window at the side.' 'Then,' said his wife, 'our house will be as

fine as the doctor's in the town where I market.' So back to the genius ran the fisherman. There he still stood, looking a little more cloudlike than before, as if impatient to lift his feet off the earth and go soaring through the air. 'I do not think you have done enough for me,' again said the fisherman. 'What more do you wish,' asked the genius, in a stern tone. 'I want my house changed into a stone house with twelve rooms in it, with a broad porch in front, and a large window on the side, and handsome doors and windows, and furnished as well as is the doctor's in our nearest town.' 'Your wish is granted,' said the genius.

"Without stopping to thank him, the fisherman turned and ran around the sand dunes again, and there, sure enough, stood the handsome stone house, containing twelve rooms, with a broad porch in front and a large window at one side, and well made doors and windows at the back and front. This time the fisherman's wife met him in the hallway. 'I had no idea,' said she, 'that your genius could really do so much. While we are asking him, why not ask for a *big* thing at once and be done with it. Go back to him and ask him for a strong stone castle with tall round turrets

on it, and many rows of windows, with a large banquet hall in which two hundred guests can be seated at the table at one time, and an inside courtyard in which a company of soldiers can be drilled.' 'O, yes,' said the fisherman, 'that would be much better than this. I will ask, also, for stables with horses in them, and grooms to take care of them, and we will be finer than anybody in the country round about, and everybody will have to look up to us, and we can look down upon everybody.'

'Good!' said the fisherman's wife, 'hurry back to the genius, else he may be gone.'

"With that the fisherman turned and ran with all his might back to the sea-shore. There stood the genius, impatiently awaiting his return. His foot was already lifted from the earth, and his body stretched so far toward the sky that the fisherman could not see his face at all. 'I do not think I asked for enough,' called the fisherman. 'What more do you want?' answered the genius, and the words sounded sad, as if he were much disappointed. 'I want a stone castle, with many rooms within, and a large banquet hall in which many guests can be seated at one time,

and I want stables with horses and grooms, and around the castle I want a moat of water, and a strong stone wall outside so that if the people envy me they at least cannot hurt me.' 'Your wish is granted,' said the genius, but there was a good deal of contempt in his voice.

"The fisherman turned and ran again down the sand dunes, and lo and behold, where the handsome stone house had stood was now to be seen a large castle with tall, round turrets, and small, narrow windows, with moat and castle wall outside. His wife met him at the entrance of the courtyard. 'Dear me,' said she, 'what a wonderful genius you must have found! It is wonderful to think that he can do all this in a single moment and make us richer than everybody in the country round about!' 'But,' added she, 'if he can do this much, surely he can do more. Go to him again and tell him that instead of this strong castle we want a white marble palace which will have so many rooms that no one will think of counting them, and so many banquet halls that a dozen parties can go on within them without disturbing each other. Tell him we want the whole front of this white marble palace covered with beautiful carving, and the

steps leading up to it of such polished stones that the whiteness of them shall look like the new fallen snow.' 'Good,' said the fisherman, 'I never should have thought of anything so fine as that! I will tell him that while he is giving us a great palace like that he must place it in a park as handsome as it is itself, with trees and grass and beautiful flowers, and winding paths and fountains of water!' 'Yes,' said the wife, 'that is what we want! Then even the kings of the land can be no greater than are we.' So the fisherman turned and ran back to the sea-shore. The genius had gone higher and looked more like a cloud, — just the tip of his right toe rested now on the sands of the sea-shore; the remainder of his body was in the air. 'You have not given me enough,' cried the fisherman. 'What more would you ask?' replied the genius. This time his voice was stern and angry. 'I want,' said the fisherman, 'a white marble palace, which will have so many rooms that no one will ever think of counting them and so many banquet halls that a dozen parties can go on within them without disturbing each other, and I want the whole front of the palace covered with beautiful carving, and the steps leading up to it of such polished stone

that the whiteness of them shall look like new fallen snow; and I want it placed in a park as handsome as itself, with trees and grass and beautiful flowers, and winding paths and fountains of water, and servants enough to keep the palace in order and the grounds beautiful and clean.' 'Your wish is granted,' said the spirit. And with no thought of thanking him for the gift he had received, the fisherman turned and ran down the sand dunes, and there before his eyes stood the beautiful white marble palace, with the broad, shining steps leading up to its carved doorway. There, too, was a beautiful park and grounds, with trees, and grass, and flowers, and on the top of the steps stood his wife. 'Has it ever entered into the mind of man,' she cried, 'to dream of such power as this genius possesses. Go to him quickly, my husband, ere he slip away from your grasp and tell him that this will not do at all. Tell him that we want him to make for us a house that will be larger and more beautiful than the largest and most beautiful cathedral or church that was ever built.' 'O, aye, aye,' said the fisherman excited by the success he had already won. 'You shall be mistress and I shall be master in a house so handsome and so large that the

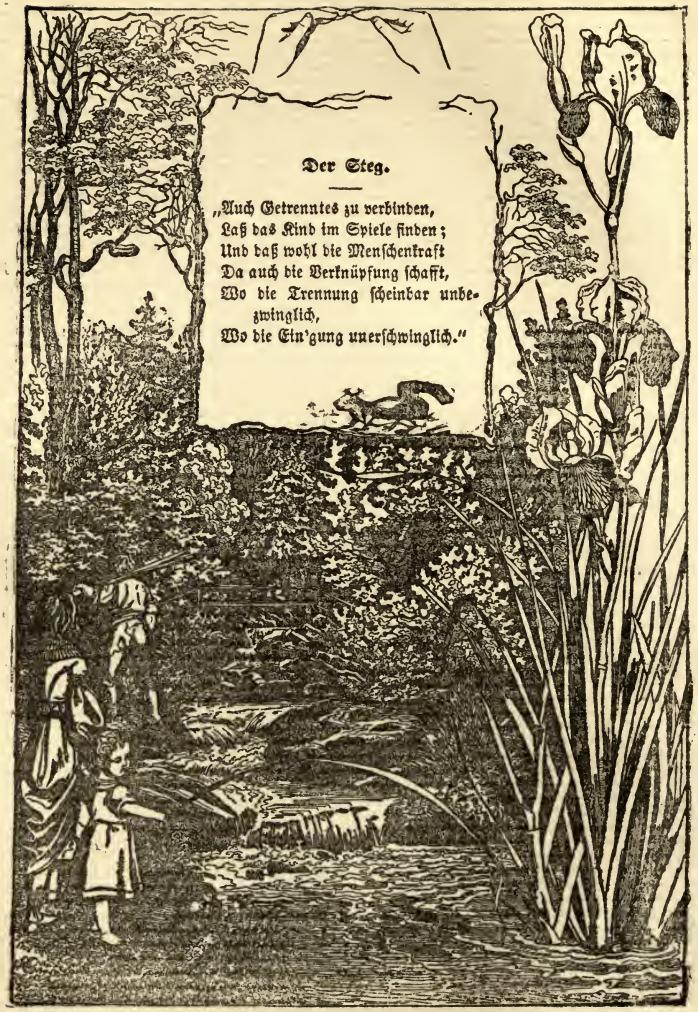
bishops of the land as well as the kings and queens shall envy us.' So back to the seashore again he ran. The last touch of the foot of the genius had left the shore. He was slowly floating in the upper air as if waiting for the thanks of the fisherman which must surely come this time. 'You have not given me enough,' called the fisherman. 'What is it that you wish?' said the genius. This time there was very perceptible wrath in his voice and a sternness which ought to have made the fisherman tremble, but the poor foolish fellow was thinking only of himself. 'I want,' said he, 'a house so tall and broad and beautiful that all the cathedrals and churches that ever have been built will seem small and commonplace compared with it.' 'Ungrateful and audacious wretch!' cried the genius, 'Would you make your home greater and more beautiful than the house in which man worships God? Begone, you miserable creature, you deserve none of the favors I have bestowed upon you, and none shall be granted you. Go back to your two-room hut and learn that happiness does not come from the house we live in, but from the way in which we live in it.' With that the great cloudy genius floated off to the upper sky, and soon all that could be

seen of him was a soft white fog, near the mountain peak, and this soon disappeared behind the crest.

"Dazed and confused the fisherman watched the cloud until it could be seen no more and then he turned and walked slowly to his home. There, where but a few moments before had stood the white marble palace with its beautiful grounds surrounding it, was now to be seen only the humble hut of a poor fisherman, and standing just outside of it was the fisherman's wife, wringing her hands and sobbing. 'What have we done, what have we done,' she cried, 'that we should be reduced again to such poverty?' The fisherman told her what the genius had just said to him and that after saying it he had floated away beyond the mountain tops. Then by way of comforting her, he put his arms around her and said tenderly, 'We have lost our frame house, our big residence, our stone mansion, our strong castle, our white marble palace, but we have each other yet.' And she, with her head on his shoulder, but still sobbing a little, at last looked up lovingly into his face and said, 'Yes, my dear husband, I should rather have you in our little home, than all the beautiful houses that all the genii could build. So let us be thankful that we are not separated from each other

and that we have still the two rooms in which to live together.' ''

This story was repeated again and again, each time with some added detail which would make more distinct the kind of life which would be necessary in the different styles of houses, until the two children were as familiar with the busy, bustling life of the active merchant in his two-story brick house, the stately, ceremonious life of the nobleman in his mansion, the anxious, perilous life of the king in his palace, as we were with the various phases of experience which literature brings to our adult minds. She thus proved again to me how much the narrowest lives may be transformed and enriched by well-chosen stories, which lift them out of the petty limits of their sense-perceived world into the great world of ideal humanity with its vast possibilities yet to be attained. It is only as we live in this larger world of the imagination that history becomes real, literature vital, and art intelligible. Man knows not his own spirit until he has entered into the spiritual experience of the race. Then, indeed, does his small hut expand into a cathedral more beautiful than any made by the hand of man. And his soul enters in and worships the God who has performed this miracle!


Der Steg.
„Auch Getrenntes zu verbinden,
Laß das Kind im Spiele finden;
Und daß wohl die Menschenkraft
Da auch die Verknüpfung schafft,
Wo die Trennung scheinbar unbezwinglich,
Wo die Ein'gung unerschwinglich."

Chapter VII.

THE BRIDGE.

I was once present at a large assembly where an appeal was presented for an evening manual training school for boys, in a dangerous district of the city. An attempt was being made to raise a large sum of money by the plea that discord and anarchy were sure to be bred if the boys were left in idleness.

The arguments for and against the enterprise had been given, when one speaker arose and said: —

"These boys will not be idle, but it remains with us to decide whether they shall be throwers of bombs, or builders of bridges."

That short sentence with its two suggestive symbols — one of destruction and the other of construction — was full of significance, and carried the day. The sum of money asked for was granted.

The bridge, from time immemorial, has been a symbol of man's conquest over Nature, of his powers to reach the seemingly unattainable. Poets and artists alike have used it

thus, and the common people have learned to express tersely their determination to meet a new difficulty and conquer it, by saying: "If I can bridge this over, I shall come out all right."

To the student of real life, the question is, how shall we begin with the child so as to lead him to desire to become the constructor, the helper, the unifier, the bridge builder, rather than the destroyer, the discord breeder, the thrower of bombs. Froebel, in his commentary on the little song called "The Bridge," gives us many significant hints on this important subject.

The opportunity to introduce in a natural way the meaning of a bridge to our mountain children, came one day by accident. We were attempting to cross a small stream of water. As it was narrow, Margaret and I stepped across. The children were afraid to follow our example. As I have said before, they had been confined to their father's ranch, and were unaccustomed to daring feats. Margaret recrossed the brook and lifting Georgie in her arms sprang to the opposite bank. Then turning, she held out her hand to Lena to encourage her to jump across. Unfortunately, however, the distance was not

rightly calculated and Lena landed in the water, somewhat to the distress of the whole party. The children were much frightened and began to cry. But their hearts were cheered as the bare feet and wet clothes were dried in the warm sunshine, and we proceeded gaily on our way. On our return, however, as we neared the narrow stream, Margaret and I gathered some stones which we placed in the water so that the children might step on them and thus make safe their passage over the brook. They were a little timid at first but soon triumphantly crossed back and forward a number of times, in great glee over having conquered one of the obstacles of Nature which heretofore had been an impassable barrier to them.

A few days after this episode Georgie was playing beside one of the irrigating ditches common to all California ranches. He gathered some small stones which lay near by and called out, "Come, Miss Marg't, and see me making steppin' stones across this ditch," suiting his action to his words. Margaret saw her opportunity to lead up to some of the important impressions which lay dormant in the bridge thought. She therefore stopped her reading and went at once to the ditch. Soon a merry play was in progress. A couple of

twigs were made to represent Margaret and me, and a little drama was improvised wherein we two met a large stream of water and exclaimed in great distress over our inability to cross it. Georgie then took the part of a huge giant who happened to be near by. Good giants and genii nearly always are on hand at the right moment. Stretching himself to his full height he offered his services in a slow and solemn tone of voice. Being a giant he easily laid the stepping-stones, man's primitive bridge, across the stream. The two little twigs bowed their thanks to him and were made by Margaret and Georgie to cautiously go from one bank of the ditch to the other, stepping carefully on each stone. Lena soon joined in the play, and in time even I was drawn to the spot by their glee. The stream was not more than a foot wide, but to the children's imagination it had become a great swollen river, and they shouted messages from one bank to the other as if the sound of the waters would drown an ordinary tone of voice. Soon a small house was constructed of leaves and twigs on the opposite shore, and hastily cut out paper dolls were substituted for the twigs. Then stones of various colors and sizes were placed on the

nearer side of the ditch to represent the town to which the inhabitants of the small house on the farther side of the stream often had occasion to go.

Once Georgie suggested that a boat would be a good thing to have, and a paper boat was made and the two paper dolls were placed in it. But the swift current of the irrigating stream swept the frail bark out of its course, as many a stronger bark has been swept by the silent power of greater waters, and it was only after a quick chase that the little vessel, partly capsized, was rescued, and the two wet paper dolls were laid on a rock to dry. Thus, in miniature, the two children began to learn what the race long before them had learned, namely, that a bridge is safer than a boat, and that permanent arrangements are better than temporary ones in the affairs of life.

This new idea of living again their own recent experience in mimic play, was an unending source of amusement to the children for several days. Finally, one morning, a larger current than usual having been turned into the irrigating ditch, the stones were covered by it, and Georgie rushed into the house announcing to me: "You and Miss Marg't are cut off from the town! You can't

go across any more! The steppin'-stones are all drowned by the water! An' you'll be drowned, too, if you try it!"

Margaret and I hastened to the scene of disaster and after expressing a due amount of surprise, perplexity, and distress, Margaret suggested that we should send for a carpenter and have a bridge made from bank to bank, so that we need have no fear hereafter from the rise of the stream. Then turning to Georgie, she said: "Do you know where I could find a good, perfectly trustworthy carpenter who would bring some boards here and build a strong bridge across this stream of water?"

"Yes, I do," he cried delighted at the idea, "I am a carpenter, I am a bridge carpenter, I can do it."

"Oh," said Margaret, "you're just the man I want. Come with me to the lumber yard and we will select some strong, well-seasoned lumber." Then, assuming a very business-like, preoccupied air, she walked with him to the small wood pile in the rear of our cabin and helped him to select two pieces of wood. These they brought back and fastened, side by side, over the ditch, burying the ends in the sand. The boy's sense of triumph knew no

bounds as he saw this tiny bridge resting undisturbed above the reach of the hurrying water. He fairly jumped up and down in his joy. I think that we oftentimes do not stop to realize the deep significance of a child's joy in play which includes racial experiences.

More paper dolls were cut out and visitors from the town now promenaded back and forth across the bridge to the little hut of leaves and twigs, which represented our home among the foothills. I laughingly told Margaret that we had suddenly become popular society women. She replied: "In a dim sort of a way he is realizing that the man or woman who can unify the heretofore separated, who can bridge over the hitherto impassable gulf, is always sought for; and he is trying to make the presentment of this great truth clearer to his own mind by playing it out in this childish fashion." "Is it not the harmonizer, the reconciler, the bridge-builder who conquers all things and brings them together?" she continued. Then after a moment of silence, she added, "'Blessed are the peacemakers for they shall inherit the earth.' The more insight we gain the more we recognize the marvelous depth of that unparalleled Sermon on the Mount."

She paused for a few moments and then continued:

"All that Froebel would do in the suggestion which he makes in this 'Mother-Play-Book' is to show us how to bring the truths of the Christian religion down to the little child and to help him through his own play to begin to practice them. He would show us how to make psychologically these a part of each child's being so that spiritual truths might become as much a part of the child's consciousness as his knowledge of sound or motion."

"Do you not think that you sometimes give undue importance to these trivial plays?" I asked. "No," she replied. "Turn to the picture of the bridge in Froebel's Mother-Play-Book. Try to look at it exactly as a child would look at it. I am sure you will see how suggestive it is to the trained and philosophical mind as a help to the introduction of a great thought to the child. By his own inner activity, man can bridge or span any gulf that may yawn before him or seem to stop his progress." "It is," she continued smilingly, "because man is a 'limit-transcending being' as our friend, Mr. Snider, is so fond of saying, that he has become a bridge maker.

The God-image within him demanded that there should be no obstacles found which he could not transcend, and so the spirit said unto the intellect, 'Plan, contrive, devise until you create for me a way out of these difficulties, bridge over this chasm.' That faithful servant of the brain, the hand of man, seizing the hints thrown out by nature, took first the stepping-stones by means of which shallow water might be crossed, then, as the idea of conquest increased, placed logs of wood from bank to bank above the surface of the stream. Thus were made the first wooden bridges, which served for a time, but were hurled aside by the anger of the conquering stream. Then came the stone bridge, with piers midstream. This proved unconquerable until the fast-growing river concentrated its force into huge blocks of ice and flung them against the piers. But neither ice, nor snow, nor any other created thing was to stand in the way of man's progress; and soon the brain thought and the hand wrought steel and iron frames which hung like cobwebs high above the turbulent waters, and called to puny man, their master, to test them with his loaded freight cars and heavy artillery." Margaret was rather reserved in general, but her eyes grew dark and bright as she

spoke. She was always eloquent when she talked of the deeper significance of the kindergarten. She felt keenly the shallower view that is sometimes taken of this subject.

"These and similar activities," she continued, "are the race experiences through which Froebel would have the child pass in his play; and the trained kindergartner, realizing the importance of such typical play, leads her children, as opportunity offers, into reproduction of the experiences and conquests that were to the race in its childhood terrific and oftentimes tragic in the extreme."

Her face grew radiant and she spoke with great earnestness and rapidity, looking far out into the distance as she talked.

Turning to me, she added: "The idea of reliving the race experience in miniature, is sometimes carried to an absurd reproduction of minute details of bygone days. But this mistake is only made by teachers who do not see its proportionate value in the total sweep of education. The true teacher, who is always something of an artist, instinctively keeps balance of past, present, and future, in her work with her children."

Evidently the deeper springs of her being had been stirred. She picked up the Mother-

Play-Book and opened it to the picture of the bridge. As she sat looking at it, the two children came bounding up to us. Seeing the book, they cried: "Oh, tell us a story! Tell us a story about that picture!" Margaret hesitated as if it were an effort to break away from the train of thought which her own words had awakened. There was a look of exaltation, yet of suffering, on her face. Was she thinking of some inner chasm she had bridged?

After a second petition from the children, however, she turned and cheerily began: "Well, there was once a mother and her little boy who started out for a long walk one Saturday afternoon. They intended to gather wild flowers, with which to make their home look brighter for papa on Sunday, which was always a festival day. They walked along pleasantly in the bright spring sunshine, gathering here and there some red clover, yellow daisies, and other flowers which grew near their path.

"At last they came to a swift stream of water which, although narrow, was very deep and leaped from rock to rock, foaming and gurgling as it rushed along. Just across the stream were blooming some beautiful lilies.

'Oh!' cried the little boy, 'how I wish we could gather some of those lilies. Can't we get over there, mamma? Please let us go across to the other side?'

"The mother looked into the water and saw that it was far too deep for them to risk trying to jump from one bank to the other.

"'I'm afraid we cannot go,' she said. 'We shall have to content ourselves with the flowers which are on this side.'

"'But there are no lilies here,' the little boy said, as he looked longingly over to the other bank.

"Just at that moment, a gray squirrel frisked out of the woods and ran lightly up the trunk of a tree. It then ran out upon the longest branch which stretched over the stream and sprang down on the opposite side and scampered out of sight. 'Oh, mother, look, look!' said the boy as the squirrel disappeared. 'Why is it that squirrels can do what we can not?' As he spoke he reached out his hand to a long, slender, green leaf on a water plant which, though growing on the other side of the stream, was long enough to extend across, and seemed to be nodding and bowing to the small boy, as if coaxing him to come over.

"As the little fellow caught hold of the pointed tip of the leaf, he noticed a tiny green creature, crawling across its smooth surface. 'See! even the little spiders can come across!' said he.

"Just at this moment they heard the step of a man behind them. Turning around, the mother saw that it was a carpenter who lived near them.

"'Can you tell us any way by which we can get across this stream of water,' she said, politely; 'My little boy is very anxious to gather some of those purple lilies on the other side.'

"'Certainly,' said the man. 'There is a bridge a little farther up the stream. I built it myself, and I know it is strong and safe. I am going up there now with these planks, to add another railing to it, so as to make it safer still.' The mother and the little boy looked up, and to their surprise, saw not very far away, a wooden bridge, which spanned the stream of water, and on the bridge stood another mother and her little girl looking over at the water below. 'Thank you very much,' said the mother; 'I must have been dull not to have seen that bridge before. Come, my boy, now we will soon be on the other side.'

"The little fellow clapped his hands with delight and called back to the stream as he ran along: 'Ha, ha, you noisy stream, with all your grumbling and hurrying you cannot keep us from crossing to the other side. We are going to the bridge; it is above you, and we will soon be where those purple lilies grow.'

"So they walked rapidly on to the bridge. Reaching it and smiling and nodding 'Good-morning' to the mother and her little girl, who had already passed over, they crossed to the other side and gathered the flowers they wished to take with them. Then, recrossing the bridge, they walked back to their own home, which they soon made gay and bright with the flowers they had gathered.

"That evening when the father came home, and saw the flowers, he liked best the purple lilies. The little boy told him about the carpenter, and added, 'When I grow up to be a big man, I am going to be a carpenter, and I am going to build bridges over big streams and over deep ravines and then people can go all over the world.'"

It was with stories of this kind that Margaret vivified the pictures of the book, and, without seeming to do so, aroused ideals within the hearts of the children.

As the story ended, Georgie looked up and said: "I am going to be a bridge-builder, too, when I get to be a man." "If that is the case," said Margaret, laughingly, "I will let you try soon." Then turning from the children to some necessary domestic work she softly sang to herself Mrs. Elliot's beautiful song: —

"Let your child build mimic bridges;
As his hands move to and fro,
Germs of thought are being planted,
Which in future years will grow.

Face to face, but never meeting,
From the river's ancient walls;
To the far Divine, the human
Through the ages, faintly calls.

Banks are fixed, but men can join them,
Conquering stubborn space with skill;
And despite life's contradiction,
Love, at last, learns God's dear will."

The next day, true to her promise, Margaret placed an old wooden chair some distance from our porch, which, owing to the sloping surface of the hills, rose on the lower side two or three feet above the ground. With Georgie's help, she placed two boards with one

end of each resting on the porch and the other end on the chair. She gave him a number of short pieces of laths, a hammer, and some nails, and told him he might begin learning how to build bridges. The boy was much pleased with the activity, and nailed away with great vigor for a time. At last a misdirected blow fell upon his finger instead of upon the nail head. Instantly, Margaret exclaimed: "Dear me! A finger got hurt that time. But never mind; carpenters have to get used to mashing their fingers." The tears, which had already started to Georgie's eyes, were driven back, and looking up cheerfully he nodded his head, stopping in child fashion for a moment to suck the hurt finger, and then going on with his work as if it were a matter of course.

When this crude improvised bridge was finished, Margaret and Georgie, then Lena and I, promenaded across it back and forth several times to the great delight of both children. To them it was a daring performance to walk three feet above the ground.

"We shall have to take our bridge down to the brook, and put it across so that other people can use it, too," said Margaret. "Yes," added Georgie, his imagination fired by the

suggestion, "I am going all around the valley to build bridges wherever there are any streams of water."

A few days after this, I chanced to be out for a walk with the children without Margaret. A recent rain had so swollen the stream that we made no effort to get across it, but stopped on its banks; and I said, "What would you do, Georgie, if Miss Margaret were on the other side and could not get over here?" "Oh," said the boy, "I would hunt up a big giant, and have him pick her up and carry her over."

"But if there were no giants in this part of the country, what then," said I. "Then, I suppose, I would put some stepping-stones across," he replied, recollecting evidently our former experience. "You could lift no stepping stones that would be high enough to be above this water," I answered. "Oh, I know what I would do," he exclaimed, his face brightening, "I would build a big, strong bridge and then she could come over herself."

That evening when he returned home, he told Margaret of the proposed bridge, and how he was going to build it so that nothing need keep her from coming to him at any time.

Several days of play, talk and stories, all

centering around the bridge thought, now followed. At last, one bright morning, we packed our luncheon basket and started on a long tramp across the Mesa below, our destination being a stone bridge about three miles distant. We told the children nothing of what we were going to see; therefore their delight was enhanced by surprise when they came in sight of the bridge and saw a large stream of water flowing quietly beneath it. We walked back and forth several times across it, climbed down the side of the bank, examined the stones, commented on the strength of the masonry, and finally ate our luncheon in the shadow cast by one of the piers.

It was to the children a great revelation to see that the thing they had dreamed of and dramatized was a reality in the great world about them.

Not very long after this, the newspapers announced a terrible railroad accident which had resulted from the breaking through of one of the large bridges which spans the Mississippi river. A hunter, who had come up to the foothills the night before for an early morning hunt, brought the paper containing the account, and the whole of the horrible details of the mangled and drowned bodies was read

thoughtlessly by him aloud in the presence of the children.

The next morning, Georgie hurried up to our quarters and without taking time to say "Good-morning," exclaimed, "*A bridge has broken!* A whole trainload of cars have dropped into a big river and all the people have been killed! I didn't know a *bridge* could break down!"

Evidently, the shock had been a serious one as he had learned to look upon bridges as the enduring unifiers of what before had been separate, and his faith was shaken to the utmost. This was shown by the emphasis which he placed upon the words: "*A bridge has broken!*" — repeating it several times, as if it were almost incredible.

Wishing that he should continue to regard bridges in the light of strengtheners and unifiers, Margaret replied: "Dear, Dear, Dear! It must have been poor, worthless bridge-builders who made that bridge. Had they built it strong enough, it would not have broken down."

The boy looked up, startled, as if a new idea had just come into his head. "*Are there bad bridge-builders?*" he asked. "Yes," replied Margaret, "I am sorry to say that

there are poor workers and good workers in everything that is done in this world, and so there are some bridge-builders who do not do their work well; therefore their bridges sometimes break down." "When I get to be a bridge-builder," said the boy, with much determination in his voice, "I am going to be a good bridge-builder, and make such strong bridges that the whole world cannot break them down." "I hope you may be," was Margaret's quiet reply. Then, turning the boy's attention to other things, she helped him to get rid of the shock which the hearing of the accident had caused.

After this, when speaking of his chosen career, he always emphasized the word, "good." "I am going to be a *good* bridge-builder," — evidently having a clear thought in his mind that it was the maker of the bridge and not the idea that was at fault.

Toward the end of our sojourn among the foothills, it became necessary for us to leave our cabin and take one on an adjacent foothill. This caused much distress to the two children, as we would be separated from them some two or three miles by a deep and rather precipitous cañon.

The grandmother of the two children at

once saw the temptation which would be sure to come. In their desire to be with us, they might frequently attempt to cross the cañon alone. She therefore prohibited their doing so and we agreed that one or the other of us would come for them whenever it was possible.

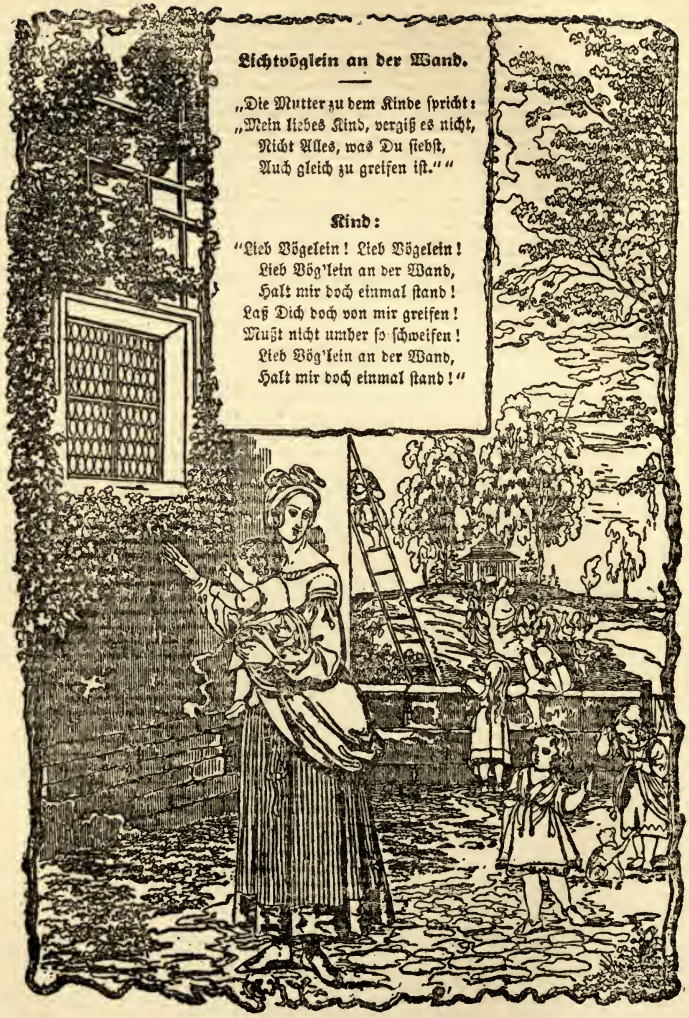
This, however, did not satisfy Georgie. He was quite dejected for a day or two, and when we tried to console him with the thought that the added pleasure which our unexpected appearance from time to time would be to him, he replied, disconsolately, "But, suppose I should want to come over awfully some time when you didn't come for me?" "I shall tell you what we shall do," said Margaret. "Whenever we are ready for you, I shall hang my red shawl on the porch of our cabin" (as the cabin was in plain sight from the boy's home, such a flaming signal could easily be seen). "Then," she added, "when you see the red shawl hanging on the porch, you must plant your flag on this point of your foothill, so that we can see it. My red shawl will be saying, 'Come over, Georgie, if you can;' and your flag will answer, 'All right, I'm going to start now.' Then I will come half way down the cañon to meet you. And, if any day you want very much to

come, you can plant your flag-staff on this point and it will say, 'Georgie wants to come over right away,' and I will hang out my shawl and it will say, 'All right, come along.'" "Good! Good!" shouted the boy. "That is what we will do! That's the way we will build a bridge across, with your shawl and my flag!" Then, rushing into the house to where his grandmother sat shelling peas, he exclaimed: "Miss Marg't and I have just made a bridge across from our house to their new cabin, on the other foothill, and now we can go, most any time," and he eagerly explained the signals they had agreed upon. So completely had the bridge thought entered into his mind that he was ready now to look upon any means of communication as a bridge.

That evening I read from Miss Blow's translation of Froebel's Commentary on the "Song of the Bridge," these words: —

"With this ideal in mind, lead your child to build in his play, a reconciling bridge, and thus through the deed to gain his first foreboding of the truth that in himself, and through his own self-activity, he must find the solution of all contradictions; the mediation of all apparently irreconcilable opposition. Show him this truth again in your own life, and

above all in the mediatorial life and teachings of Him who on earth was a carpenter's son. So shall the visible bridge which the child-carpenter builds, be one link in the chain of experience by which he spans the gulf between things seen and things unseen, and learns to recognize in the carpenter's son the beloved Son of God, the Almighty and the Mediator between him and man."


Lichtvöglein an der Wand.
„Die Mutter zu dem Kinde spricht:
„Mein liebes Kind, vergiß es nicht,
Nicht Alles, was Du siehst,
Auch gleich zu greifen ist.“ “
Kind:
“Lieb Vögelein! Lieb Vögelein!
Lieb Vög'lein an der Wand,
Halt mir doch einmal stand!
Laß Dich doch von mir greifen!
Mußt nicht umher so schweifen!
Lieb Vög'lein an der Wand,
Halt mir doch einmal stand!“

Chapter VIII.

THE LIGHT-BIRD.

The children had become so much a part of our little family, that they did not hesitate to take and examine or use any article which might be lying near at hand. Margaret and I came in from our morning reading one day, and found Georgie and Lena with a small hand-mirror. With this they were looking, each in turn, at their own faces, as reflected in its shining surface.

To add to the experiment, they were distorting their faces with grimaces, grins, scowlings and other disagreeable expressions. True to her instinct of turning activity from a wrong into a right direction, Margaret said: "Oh, that mirror reminds me of a new game which I have never played with you." "I want you both to look at the west wall, and you will see something that you have never seen there before." Wonderingly the children obeyed her by turning their faces toward the west wall and gazing expectantly at it. Then, unnoticed by them, she handed me the hand-mirror, and motioned to me to leave the room.

Knowing what she was about to do, I stepped outside the window, where I could catch the sun's rays and reflect them upon the west wall. Consequently, in a moment or two more, the "Light-Bird" was fluttering, dancing, and floating across the wall before their delighted eyes. Impulsively, they did what almost all children do, under like circumstances, they sprang forward to seize it. The light-bird fluttered and danced a little beyond their reach, and again came temptingly near to them. Both tried eagerly to catch it, and a merry romp ensued. "What is it?" cried Georgie, eagerly; "Is it alive! What makes it move about so!" "I know what it is," said Lena, looking up suddenly, with a flash of intelligence, "Somebody is throwing light in from outside." With that, both children ran out of the door of the house, and caught me in the act of throwing the light through the window. This did not, however, in any way lessen their pleasure; but for days and days, they themselves reproduced the fluttering light on the wall, and tried to catch it.

Not long after this, Margaret and I had occasion to go down to the nearest town for a few days. The children assisted us in putting the cabin in order. Finally, just as we were

about locking the door, Georgie said, "Let's leave the light-bird on the ceiling, where nobody can catch it." And forthwith, the mirror was so placed that its reflection shone upon the ceiling above. Throwing the light-bird a kiss, he said, as we left the house, "Now, little light-bird, you can take care of the house for them." I thought of that passage in the commentary on "The Maiden and the Star," in which Froebel says: "The inner life of childhood may be deepened and strengthened by cherishing the impulse to impute personal life to inanimate objects. Loyally obeying the hint thrown out by the soul, we may aid its struggle towards the insight that it is one spirit that lives in all and works through all." So I, too, threw a kiss to it, and gave it a good-bye injunction to keep bright and shiny until we returned. Such sympathetic entering into their delusion always delights children and Georgie gave me a radiant smile as my reward.

The light-bird picture in the "Mother-Play-Book" soon became a great favorite with them, and they often improvised conversations between the mother and the baby with its outstretched arms.

One day Georgie said: "We used to do just

what that little baby is tryin' to do; didn't we?" "Yes," replied I, "But you soon learned a better way to catch the light-bird." "Wid our eyes, just as these other children have learned," said he, still looking at the picture.

Their pleasure in thus reflecting the light was greatly increased when they made the discovery that a glass of water, in the sunlight, also caused the reflection. Then soon they began trying experiments with the tin pans about the kitchen and various other shining objects. At last, one day, Georgie very carefully took a saucer of cornmeal mush in his hand and started to the door. "What are you going to do, Georgie?" asked Margaret. "I am going to make this mush give us a light-bird," said he, confidently; and she let him try the experiment that he might learn by experience that only such objects as reflect the light can give us the image of the light. It was with some chagrin and disappointment that he learned the lesson.

One afternoon, when we were out for our usual tramp, a few soft, white clouds were floating through the blue sky, and their shadows were moving lazily across the mountain-sides below. "Look!" said Lena,

"There are some shadow-birds, playing with the mountains." We all stopped and watched the fascinating sight for a few moments. Then Georgie added, "Even the clouds and the mountains love to play sometimes, don't they?" Again came the impulse to impute life through play to the objects of nature; so we stopped and called to the mountains that we knew how to catch the shadow bird better than they did, and both of the children clapped their hands with glee to think they knew something more than the great mountains knew.

Their interest in the unseen side of things grew gradually. Soon they began to find other things which were invisible, or which could not be held in the hand — the perfume of the flowers; the gurgling of the stream of water; the words we spoke; and, later on, the glad look in our eyes when we were pleased. Before the long summer was over, they had learned of the life within the seeds which caused them to grow into plants; and that it was the life within the trees which made them spread out their branches, and bear fruit. From this, it was an easy transition to talks about the life within us, which causes us to live, and work, and love each other. And so,

imperceptibly, the play of the light-bird dancing across the wall, led, naturally and wholesomely, up to that profounder thought of the invisible, intangible life within all nature and within each human being. Margaret afterwards taught them the last stanza of Elizabeth Le Bourgois' exquisite little song: —

" Sun and moon, and twinkling stars,
And rainbow in the skies,
Mother's smile and Father's love,
We catch them with our eyes.
We cannot hold them in our hands,
Yet from them need not part;
For when we've caught them with our eyes,
We hold them in our heart." *

* From Susan Blow's " Songs and Music of Froebel's Mother Play Book."

Das Fensterlein.

„Wie kann, durch's Fenster
das Licht zu erblicken,
Des Kindes Herz doch so früh
schon beglücken?—
Aus Klarheit ja das Leben
erblüht:
Mit klarem Leben
Das Kind zu umgeben,
Sei, Mutter, bemüht."

Chapter IX.

THE LITTLE WINDOW.

One day Georgie brought to Margaret the Mother-Play-Book, and, holding it open at the picture of "The Little Window," asked her to tell him a story about it. He seemed never to doubt that some interesting account was connected with each picture, and after asking for the story always settled himself down, with a look of contented expectation on his face.

This time Margaret told him to look at the picture carefully and tell her what he thought the children were doing. He examined it earnestly for a minute or two, but a *checkered* window pane was a new and confusing idea to him; so he gave up the problem with the words: "Oh, it's just some children playin' together." "What are they playing?" asked Margaret. Again he studied the book and then answered: "I don't know. Tell me about it!" And she began, "Once there were three little children, living away over in Germany, where your mother and grandmother

used to live. Over there they have in a great many of the houses, window panes just like those in the window of this picture."

With that she went to the blackboard, (blessed be blackboards! this one was our never failing interpreter when words did not succeed in conveying a new thought to the children), and taking up a piece of chalk she drew a window with diamond-shaped panes of glass, similar to the one in the "Mother-Play-Book." We had found that the reproduction on the blackboard of the pictures in the book added much to the impression made on the children, as they closely watched every line as it was drawn; oftentimes, a day or two later, they tried to reproduce the same picture themselves, sometimes from memory, and sometimes with the "Mother-Play-Book" lying open before them, studying the picture just as they had seen Margaret study it as she drew. Their drawings were always genuine, and after a time grew to be closer reproductions of the picture in the book than either Margaret's or my hasty and oftentimes free translation of the same. They were imperfect, of course; but they accomplished the great purpose of causing the children to observe closely in order that they might reproduce; and they further

gave us a clue as to what thought in the picture the child had most absorbed.

After having reproduced the picture of the three children, the bench, and the window, which stands at the bottom of the page, Margaret continued her story: —

"'Let us make some window-panes of our own,' said one of the little girls to her brother.

"'How can we?' he answered.

"'In this way,' replied the little girl. And with that she took up a thick piece of paper and pierced a hole through it with a pin. 'Just like this.'"

As she spoke, Margaret picked up a piece of brown paper which lay beside her and suited her action to her word.

"And sure enough," she continued, "the light came through the tiny, round window she had made. Then all three of the children looked through the little pin window in the paper, and what do you think they saw? A great tree, with some blue sky behind it."

This was to lead our children to desire to look through the pin hole. With an expression of astonishment and incredulity on his face, Georgie reached out his hand and took the piece of paper from Margaret, and, examining it carefully, was about to put it to

his eye, when Margaret said: "Suppose you make a little window of your own and tell me what you see through it."

She was an instinctive teacher, and saw that this was her opportunity to encourage in him self-activity at the moment of intensest interest.

He took the pin and carefully perforated the paper with it. Then, placing his eye at the opening, he exclaimed: "It's a little round window, and I can see an orange tree and a lemon tree!"

Then he took up Margaret's paper, and looked through the pin hole which she had made, and expressed his delight that he could see the same things through her little window.

Now came the artistic touch which makes such experiences as these valuable.

"It doesn't matter much, Georgie, does it," said Margaret, "what kind of windows you look through, if you have the light to look at? If the sun is shining, we can see through the tiniest window, as well as through a big one." The boy put the paper down and seemed to ponder over the words. His physical experience was being translated by her magical touch into the glimmering dawn of spiritual insight. It is because Froebel shows

how to give this insight that he is not only a great but a unique educational leader.

After a moment or two of inner cogitation, Georgie looked up and said: "We can't see the blue mountains at all, when it is night, can we?" Her words had produced the right effect. She then continued her story: "The three children were so pleased with the little round windows they had made that they took a larger piece of paper and made a number of windows. They then played they were fairies and that these were fairy windows, as they held them up to the light and looked through first one and then another of them."

This beginning was followed by a childish dialogue between the three children, to all of which Georgie listened with great attention. When the story was ended, he suddenly exclaimed: "Let us play that we are these children and that we are playing fairies. I'll go call Lena."

So Lena was hunted up and Margaret had to draw again the picture on the blackboard and again rehearse the story with occasional promptings from Georgie who, in his eagerness to have his sister participate in this new phase of life so suddenly opened to him, could not always wait until Margaret came to the

particular part of the conversation between the children which had most interested him. The three then played they were the children in the story. Afterwards Margaret brought out some coarse darning needles and some stiff paper, and placing them on a soft stool she suggested that the children perforate the paper by pricking a hole in the center there, top, bottom, and in between in regular order, telling them that this was the way in which the children in the picture had made their prettiest windows. This suggestion of orderly arrangement was willingly undertaken by both Georgie and Lena, though it was not very well done. It was but a touch in the direction of voluntarily learning to come under the law of system and order, which is one of the most beneficial things about the regular Kindergarten "schools of work." It is true essence of all freedom. After their fairy windows were all made, the four of us went into the house and darkened the room so that it admitted no light except that which came through the little aperture which the children had made in the paper. At first they were delighted but soon they asked for more light as did the children in the "Mother-Play-Book." Thus they exemplified how truly Froebel portrays the child's instinctive dislike for darkness.

Margaret allowed them to slowly increase the size of the perforations in the paper until they were joined in one and the central part of the paper was taken out, thus letting them get the impression through this larger window of the brightness and cheeriness which come from added light — a lesson we may all take to heart. Gradually more light was allowed to come into the room, but before it had returned to its former appearance Georgie, free spirit that he was, said: "Come, let's go out of doors where its all light."

I recall this seemingly trifling incident simply that it may show how truly alike are certain instincts in all children. Froebel also recounts the same experience in the little "Window Song."

Upon our return to the outer world, the play was dropped for the time being, but several times throughout the day I noticed Georgie piercing holes in paper and putting them up to his eye in order to study the result. The next day he drew the picture of the "Checkered Window Pane" on the blackboard and stood looking at it for a little while. Nothing was said about it by either of us. The presentiment had been aroused and we watched for its natural results.

A day or two afterwards we were looking at another picture in which there was a baby. Margaret then told the children that the "Mother-Play-Book" mother had taught her little baby how to cross his fingers and make of them a checkered window pane. With that she crossed her own fingers in a manner similar to the crossed hands in the picture. Of course the children tried the same experiment and in a few days they had learned to sing Miss Ellen Alexander's exquisite song of "Through the Checkered Window Pane."

In connection with this game Froebel says: "The 'Window Plays' originated in my mind as the response to a suggestion thrown out by children in their fondness for peeping at light through a pin hole, through the opening made by laying the slightly parted fingers of the one hand over the slightly parted fingers of the other hand, or through any small inclosed space. I seemed to recognize in this phenomenon a symbolic import. In order that spiritual light may not merely dazzle it must first enter the heart and mind, as it were, through chinks. *Only as the spiritual eye gains strength can it bear the fuller blaze of truth.*"

As I re-read this passage I recalled instances

of mothers and teachers who, for the lack of this bit of insight, had set too high a standard of conduct for their children. Such exactions cause discouragement or deception on the part of the child who is expected to attain unto their ideals and who fears he will be reproved if he fails.

That evening Margaret prepared some cardboards by placing large dots on them following the idea suggested by Froebel's "School of Pricking" which shows the development of a line from a center. These she laid in the box of materials to which the children always had free access, with one restriction only, namely, that they should not destroy the material but should use it for some definite purpose. Beside the cardboard she placed a bit of cloth in which were the two coarse darning needles that the children had used. This she left, as a suggestion, hoping that the impulse to do the work more exactly might come from children themselves rather than as a direction from her.

Is not this the central thought of the "Social Settlement" and many other modern ideas; namely, that by orderly and beautiful arrangement and use of homelife and home-materials the ideals shall arise suggesting

better ways of doing things? In fact, are not all such influences the *silent teachers* so necessary to true education? It is in the small things as well as in the large that this silent teaching can go forward.

The next day Georgie asked Margaret to repeat to me the story of "The Little Windows." His feeling of participation was so strong that he was never satisfied until every one he loved shared in all that he enjoyed. Realizing how much the habit of sharing one's pleasures with others enriches life, Margaret never refused to repeat a story when he requested it, though occasionally the ordeal was somewhat trying, if the visitor happened to be cynical or unsympathetic with childish things. When she came to the part about the children's making the discovery that the light would shine through a very small hole, Lena arose and went to the box of materials to get the paper they had perforated, and of course she discovered the cardboard with the black dots.

"Oh, Miss Margaret," she said, "may we make windows on these cards?"

"Yes," replied Margaret, "if you will do it carefully, and make the little windows just where the black dots are."

The children were soon busy with their sec-

ond "pricking lesson," Lena doing her work in a quiet, orderly manner, perforating the dots exactly in the centers. Georgie, being more eager and impatient, showed more irregularity in his work, thus suggesting, to a kindergartner, that he needed more training in definite order of arrangement than did his sister. When the two cards were finished, they were brought to me in great triumph as a grand surprise. Of course, I looked through the little windows and expressed great delight in being able to see through such a small hole, and praised the neat and orderly manner in which Lena had done her work, saying nothing about Georgie's lack of order. I noticed, however, that he afterwards took up the two cards and examined them intently, comparing the one with the other, and later on when he reproduced them on the blackboard — as he did almost every new impression — that he copied Lena's instead of his own, and still later, in our training of them in hand-work, he made a great effort to do his work correctly.

Again and again that day their two heads were bent over the picture of "The Little Window," and two eager voices discussed the supposed conversation between the three story children.

For the next few days their drawings on the blackboard were of houses with multitudes of windows in them. Even the usual long cloud of smoke issuing from the chimney, which had heretofore been their chief delight, was now omitted in order that more windows might be added. This went on for several days, intermingled with more pricking lessons and many talks about the value of windows in houses and the joy of keeping them clean. I wished much that we could have some pictures of the modern "sky-scrapers" of Chicago and New York, with their many windows, in order that the children might be led to feel the message of to-day which architecture, true to its mission, is repeating: "More light! More light!" I expressed this wish to Margaret, and suggested that we send home for a collection of pictures which I had stored away. She simply smiled, and said: "You remind me of a passage in Emerson's essay on 'Domestic Life.' He writes: 'You say, 'Give me money, and I will make a home' — Madam, you ask too much.' What is the use of our training if we cannot devise ways and means of bringing any impression to the children. Have we not with us that richest of all resources, the divine imagination of child-

hood?" As she said this she stooped and picked out of the waste basket a piece of cardboard which I had just thrown into it, after having attempted to make of it a mat for a water-colored sketch and having discovered that I had cut it a trifle too large for my picture. "With this piece of paper," she continued laughingly, "we can produce the same impression that your beautiful architecture would produce. We can prepare the children to love the light-flooded buildings of to-day."

I was somewhat mystified, but remembering her almost inexhaustible fund of resources, I said nothing further. Next morning I found the discarded mat tacked up against the side of our porch with the morning light streaming through it. At the top was a rolled bit of brown paper which could be unrolled to fill the empty space in the mat. Of course, the children were eager to know the meaning of the new device. They soon recognized it as a window with a window shade. Margaret let them raise and lower the shade several times and then she said: "Come here, and I will show you the picture and tell you the story about this new window of ours."

Opening the book at "The Little Window" she pointed to the woman in the dark cellar

with a little child sitting in the light at the top of the stairs above. Then she told them the following story: —

"There was a little boy named Henry who lived with his dear old grandmother. One day, while Henry was out in the yard watching the chickens, the old grandmother went into the cellar to draw a pitcher of molasses. Suddenly a swift, strong breeze blew against the shade of the window just at the top of the cellar stairs and down it came, shutting out all the light and leaving the dear old woman alone in the dark cellar. She was afraid to move lest she should strike her knee against the bench or break her jug. She was still more afraid to try to climb the cellar stairs lest she should fall. What was she to do? She thought of Henry in the bright sunlight above, playing with the chickens and ducks in the yard. So she cried as loud as she could, 'Henry, Henry, Henry!' and the little boy, hearing her voice, came running to the top of the stairs, saying, 'What is it, grandmother? What do you want?' But it was so dark down in the cellar that he could not see her. Just as he was going away, he heard her cry, 'Henry, is that you?'

"'Yes, grandmother, what do you want?'

"'Roll up that window shade, won't you, so that I can see to come upstairs.'

"The boy carefully rolled up the shade and as he did so the light showed on the first step of the cellar, and on the next, until at last the cellar was filled with light and the grandmother easily came upstairs with her pitcher of molasses. Little Henry sat at the top of the stairs to give her a hug and a kiss, he was so glad to see her come out of the darkness. After she had placed the jug on the kitchen table, the two went out into the bright sunlight together holding each other's hands.

"'How good it is to be in the light, grandmother,' said Henry.

"'Yes, indeed it is,' replied the old woman."

Simple as this story is, it was told with so much animation that the children were delighted with it. As Margaret ended by telling how beautiful was the "glad sunlight" to the old woman after she had been shut up in the dark cellar, I listened and I thought of how many withered hearts had climbed into the light brought by some little child. The joyful faces of the children proved to me that the inner meaning suggested by the story had produced a deep impression upon them also.

Of course, there was the usual demand for her to draw the picture on the blackboard. This embryonic drama, which seemed to them almost a tragedy, was drawn in its successive stages; the dark cellar with the old woman in it, the coming of the child to let in the light, the sudden darkness again, the return of the child, the coming of more light, and finally the climbing of the old woman up the stairs into the light. The joyful meeting of the two at the head of the stairs, the coming out into the sunlight together, all were reproduced in a series of pictures. Then came another absorbed study of the little picture in the "Mother-Play-Book." If any one has doubted the spiritual appeal which lies in these crude pictures, that person could no longer remain skeptical, had he or she seen the delight upon the faces of these two children as Margaret rehearsed to them this story.

Day after day for a number of days, they studied the picture and talked of the story, re-telling it dramatically to each other.

Then came, as always comes with healthy, unsuppressed children, the desire to dramatize the impression, made vivid by the story, and here the rejected mat for my picture came most charmingly into the play. In the clear,

dry atmosphere of southern California, it had remained unharmed and unused, tacked to the post of the porch; but with the desire for dramatizing this new, "vicarious experience," our two little actors discovered in it a valuable piece of stage furniture, and the little domestic drama centered around it. The third act in the drama was now accompanied by an elaborate rolling up of the paper curtain. Sometimes Margaret was pressed into playing the part of grandmother — sometimes I took the part of the old woman. Once, only, did Georgie consent to enact that *role*, but the look of extreme desperation that came into his face as he acted his part in the dark cellar was so real that we feared it was too much for him, and so did not encourage his doing it any more.

This series of incidents shows how truly the child's imagination can supply all needed detail in any drama or adventure that may come up. To Georgie and Lena, the low step of the porch just below the picture mat was as much a real, damp, dark cellar as could have been the actual cellar. The welcome was always enacted at the top of the steps, and was as real as a long flight of stairs could have made it; and the top of the porch produced in them the real joy of return to life, light, and harmony.

Later on, a story was told which explained the disaster that had happened to the little boy in the small picture at the upper right-hand side of the page, and his remedying of the evil he had wrought; but for some unknown reason, this incident made much less impression on the children than did the others. They had not been trained to see the justice and beauty of retributive punishment. Still, the story was told, and left to make its own impression in the future. I cannot help thinking that if mothers understood the value of the thoughts suggested by such pictures as these they would be able to prepare their children many times for the struggles and temptations of after life. What History, with its record of external deeds of mankind; Literature, with its portrayal of the inner struggles and conquest of the human heart; and Art, with its embodiment of the aspirations of mankind, have been to the human race, simple pictures and stories are to the little child.

One day, after studying the picture of the "Checkered Window Pane" some time, Georgie looked up and said: —

"Miss Marg't, why do people make checkered window-panes? Why don't they have them whole, like ours?"

"When men first learned to make glass," she replied, "they could make it only in small pieces, but they soon learned to put these small pieces together and to make out of them windows, even though they were checkered." Then she added, as if speaking to herself: "Perhaps you will learn, some day, that checkered lives can be made sometimes more beautiful than those that have only the bright light in them."

The boy looked at her in a puzzled fashion for a moment or two, realizing that her utterance was beyond his comprehension, and thinking that it was something he had yet to learn about the Checkered Window Pane, he repeated as if puzzling over the words, "Checkered, checkered. 'What does 'checkered' mean, Miss Marg't?" "Some day I will take you to see a checkered window pane," said Margaret, "and then you will understand better.

Soon after this she arranged that we should take our luncheon and tramp three or four miles to a foot-hill on which had been built a very artistic and picturesque sanitarium in the lower stories of which were checkered window panes.

"But," I objected, "the tramp is such a

long one, Margaret, and not particularly interesting."

"It will be interesting," she answered quietly, "if we realize that by it we can give these two children not only an impression of artistic windows, but also *the presentiment* of what the word checkered means to you and me. Besides are there not a thousand and one things along the roadside which will help to make the coming and going interesting? I never feel that any effort which lies within reasonable bounds is too great to make one of Froebel's Mother-Play-Book songs a reality in children's lives. They are so full of deeper meaning to me."

"I once knew a mother," she continued, "who received so much insight into the spiritual meaning of life, by her study of the 'Mother-Play-Book' that she gave to her three-year-old daughter an experience similar to each one of these selected by Froebel. She believed firmly that the genius of the man had caused him to select typical race experiences and she wanted her little girl to have these experiences in their embryonic, childish form. She believed that through such sense impressions, the child would grow into a broader and better womanhood than if she had the trivial experi-

ences and narrow impressions of the ordinary city child's life."

The delight of the children in recognizing the checkered window pane as the counterpart of the one in the book with which they were already familar, more than repaid the effort made to take them to it.

I chanced to notice one day that Georgie was cutting up some paper in a rather destructive, aimless way. I called Margaret's attention to it and said that we ought in some way to stop his tendency to destroy things.

"Come here, Georgie," said she, "I will show you how to cut something pretty out of your paper."

Quickly cutting the paper into two squares, she gave one to him and holding the other piece in her own hand, said: —

"Now fold your paper, carefully, just as I fold mine." With that she placed one corner over the opposite corner and folded the paper into a triangle. Georgie watched her with intense interest, then folded his own in the same form. As she held up hers, he exclaimed: —

"It looks like a mountain."

"Yes," she replied, "but we are going to make something else to-day. To-morrow, if

you wish, we can make a whole lot of mountains just like this and we will play we are climbing them, but to-day I want to show you how to do something else."

With this prospect of free invention in the future, he readily assented to be directed in the present activity.

"Now you may fold over this sharp corner which is in my right hand, until it reaches the sharp corner in the left hand," said Margaret, slowly and solemnly, as if it were a new mystery to which she was introducing him, and with the same earnest attention Georgie folded the paper as directed.

"It's a little mountain," he said, turning the right isosceles triangle thus made so that it stood upon its longest edge.

"Some day," said Margaret, "you can make a little mountain as well as a big one and we will play that they are foothills."

"Now there is just one more fold for our paper and then you shall be rewarded for having obeyed all my instructions. Have you creased it firmly?"

With this she laid her own down on the table and firmly pressed the folds in shape, and the attentive little learner did likewise.

"Can you fold one sharp corner of one of

these little triangles over on to the other sharp corner again?" she asked questioningly.

"Yes," replied he, "but I don't see what we are going to make of it."

"No," said Margaret, "you will have to trust me for a while. You will see by and by."

When the third smaller triangle had been made by a fold in the second triangle she took a pencil and marked two or three lines upon it, and handed him the blunt-pointed scissors in the use of which he had already become somewhat proficient.

"Now," said she, "cut exactly where these pencil marks are."

By this time his curiosity was alert and his faith unquestioning. When he had finished cutting the paper she let him slowly open it, and instantly he cried in delighted astonishment.

"It's a checkered window-pane," and he held it up against our window-pane in great glee. Then, seizing another piece of paper, he proceeded to fold the same form and cut in the same manner, announcing at the same time: —

"I'm going to have two checkered window-panes — one for me and one for Lena. These are prettier window-panes than the children in the 'Mother-Play-Book' made."

For a number of days after this his favorite occupation when left to himself, was cutting checkered windows. He soon learned to invent or originate new designs for the cutting. As the folding of the paper in this manner necessitates symmetrical designs when opened, each of his new cuts produced some harmonious form of beauty. By a mere suggestion, Margaret led him from having cut in one direction to try the effect of cutting in the opposite direction, and then in both ways. The exercises were sometimes varied by folding some pieces of paper for "baby window-panes," and larger pieces for "giant window-panes." This was usually done when his design was more pleasing than ordinary, thereby causing him to repeat it.

Later on, as the Christmas holidays approached, Margaret taught them how to use the new accomplishment in designing the top of a blotter and the inside of a needle book. For the time being, however, the designs made were always called checkered windows.

One evening, as Margaret and I sat before the grate fire, which had become one of our luxuries, now that the cool evenings were upon us, I said: —

"Do you not think, Margaret, that perhaps

you overestimate the significance of the impression which the checkered window-pane makes as the starting-point for a line of impressions in children's minds?"

"No," she answered, earnestly, "if psychology has taught us anything whatever that is of real practical value, it is the value of the sense impressions. If, therefore, we can give the sense impressions which will start the imagination in the right direction, it certainly is better than to let the child remain with haphazard or discordant sense impressions, or learn to dwell on trivial or wrong things. All art uses light as a symbol of the spiritual enlightenment, and again and again we find that the fables, legends, myths, and folk-lore of our race, as well as the conscious myths used by the most of the modern poets, all express the fact which the 'Checkered Window-Pane' symbolizes, namely, that the soul can only wholesomely receive light in the degree in which it is ready to translate each new insight into a deed, but that many such deeds, however small, make a life beautiful. You remember the old fable of the Egyptian ostrich who would soar too near the sun and had his feathers curled and scorched so that he was unable again to fly? Do we not find in all

the Homeric legends that the gods disguise themselves to mortals lest they should be dazzled and blinded by celestial beauty and splendor? In the old Hebraic story we have Jehovah speaking to Moses from out the burning bush at first, yet after an arduous life of obedience to the Divine command on the part of the Jewish leader, He allowed Himself to be looked upon face to face. In our study of Dante, do you not remember that he could gaze upon the face of Beatrice only through a veil of flowers when he first beheld her? Even the modern Goethe, who of all the world's great poets believed perhaps least in mediating between the Divine and the human soul, portrays the penitent Faust as unable to gaze upon the rising sun; but turning to the rainbow's reflected light he sees it in rapture, and from it gains new courage.

If you have studied Corregio's 'Holy Night,' you will see the effect which too much light has upon the peasant woman, who is unprepared for it. Her face is almost distorted with pain, while the sanctified Madonna, with perfect serenity and reverent love, sits in the full blaze of the light that radiates from the Divine Child. In fact, is not the whole physical universe God, veiling Himself in

nature that we may comprehend Him through our senses as well as in our meditations and prayers?

To me, one of the most significant passages in Froebel's commentaries on 'The Little Window,' are the words he uses in speaking of the child's pleasure in playing with the checkered light. He says: 'Does the pleasure which this gives the child intimate that property of the human mind which renders it unable to absorb more than a certain limited amount of the higher spiritual light in order not to be dazzled with the inner vision so as to be unable to define and reproduce it?' "

"I think," I replied, "Miss Blow gives a better translation of that passage." With this I opened her book and read the following: —

"In order that spiritual light may not merely dazzle, it must at first enter the heart and mind, as it were, through chinks. Only as the spiritual eye gains strength, can it bear the fuller blaze of truth."

"Yes," she replied, "that is excellent."

"But," I insisted, "do you believe the child feels the analogy?"

"No," she replied. "This is a book for the mother as well as for the child. The

child is not only to love to learn the light, to play in it, to know that shadows are caused by the light's being interrupted by some material object, to know that even shadows can be made into beautiful pictures and are sometimes necessary for health and refreshment, but also to learn that the eye which gazes upon the strong sun is weakened, and therefore that it is better to play and work in the sunshine than to sit and gaze at the sun. It is for the mother that these Commentaries are written, that through the physical facts of nature she may read the spiritual message sent in this form to the human soul. The mother who earnestly studies this little song and plays it with her children in some such fashion as you and I have played it with Georgie and Lena, will realize deeply and fully the danger of expecting too much from them, and will also remember that the important practical duty of seeing to it that they put all new insight into execution. Much of the sentimentalism in the world has been caused by mothers not doing their part in this direction, and I firmly believe that half the hypocrites and more than half the cynics are the result of too much spiritual light having at some time been poured upon the soul with no opportunity for its finding

vent in life. "Better, far better," she added earnestly, "is an ounce of insight, worked over into attainment, than a thousand pounds of insight unused. This is a homely way of expressing it, but it is significant." "The beauty of our profession," she continued, "is, that although it gives immense sweeps of insight into the meaning of life and the eternal truths which govern life, at the same time it constantly enables us to apply, unselfishly and heroically, those truths to our own lives and to the lives of children. Do not you and I both *know* that the windows of the inner world grow larger the more we use the light they bring to us? Why should we not plant the seeds of that insight in the hearts of these children?"

Chapter X.

"*THE WOLF AND THE WILD BOAR.*"

Our acquaintance with these two oftentimes perplexing pictures of the "Mother-Play-Book" was brought about by Georgie's getting hold of a coarse cartoon in one of the Chicago papers which had been sent to me. The picture represented an infant lying in a costly crib. Standing just back of the crib, with its snout almost touching the head of the infant, was a huge hog. Behind the hog was a butcher holding a slaughter knife just over the head of the boar.

The boy's curiosity was at once aroused and as usual when he wanted information, he brought the paper containing the picture to Margaret and asked her what it meant. Thus began what was in all probability his first conscious lesson on the negative side of life.

Margaret, seeing the importance of his understanding this new phase of life, dropped her work and sat down beside him, explaining

in her own way, that in all probability, the huge hog was about to kill or injure the little baby, and as he was too big to be pulled away, the father of the little child had no alternative but to kill him quickly before he could injure the child.

Then, taking up the "Mother-Play-Book" she turned to the picture in which some wolves are represented in the act of tearing to pieces the dead body of their prey. As they looked at the picture together Margaret explained that it was only the natural animal instincts of such creatures which made them devour other animals. Then she turned his attention to the remedy for such things by showing him the picture at the top, where is seen, in the distance, a frightened flock of sheep, from whose midst a wolf has taken a lamb. Close behind the wolf, however, is the hunter with his gun, aiming steadily and surely at the thief.

The boy seemed to understand the necessity of the hunter's killing the wolf, not only that the one little lamb might be saved but that the whole sheepfold might be protected from future danger. We had frequently the experience of hunters coming into our mountain district to shoot game for food, but the thought that they were also protectors of the helpless

was new to Georgie and pleased him very much.

The next day we were out for a tramp on the hill-tops and were accompanied as usual by the three or four dogs, who were our constant companions on most of our jaunts. On this particular occasion, we allowed to go with us a little black kitten which was a great favorite with the two children.

As we climbed the sides of the cañon we played that we were explorers. Then the children were pigeons flying and cooing to their heart's content. Finally we sat down. The dogs were restless with surplus activity and soon began to worry the kitten. At length one of them caught her by the neck and began to shake her. Fearing lest he should hurt her, Margaret called out: "Stop! stop!" Georgie instantly sprang to his feet and repeated the command. The dog at once dropped the kitten and fled. The kitten coming up to us, Georgie took her up in his arms and said: "We'll take care of you, Kitty, don't be afraid, you are little, but we are big and strong." So soon had he begun to apply, practically, to his own life, the ideals and obligations suggested by the song and picture of "The Wolf and the Wild Boar."

Then turning suddenly to Margaret he suggested that we should play we were hunters, our staffs were guns, and the dogs were wolves and wild boars; and, forthwith, the quiet, bare hill-tops were changed into a wild and exciting hunting-ground, and up and down we chased the flying dogs, as much to their delight as to the children's.

When next we sat down to rest, it was by the dusty roadside. The soft California dust had long become one of our playthings, being used by the kindergartner much as is the sand on the seashore.

"Draw us a picture," pleaded Georgie. Margaret began by making some zig-zag lines in the dust. "Oh!" cried he, "you are going to make us the story of 'The Wolf and the Wild Boar' and the big hunter who scared them away." After this nothing short of the reproduction in drawing of the little drama through which we had just passed, would satisfy him. After Margaret had drawn it, he drew the picture, Lena drew it, and even I must needs try my hand in making some part of the rapidly changing scene in the new play of positive and negative forces. It was the hunter — the hero, who used his power to put down evil and danger, who was the center of

it all. For days and days the pictures and stories, called for by the children, were chiefly those about hunters and wolves and wild boars. Little by little Margaret led them from the fierce conflict with wild beasts into seeing heroism in the deeds of firemen risking their lives to save property of people from burning; then she passed to the courage of policemen and soldiers. Finally she told Ian McClaren's charming little story of Dr. McClure and the famous physician who crossed the swollen flood at the risk of their own lives in order that they might save the life of a poor peasant woman. As she told her absorbed little listeners of how much greater was the heroism of the old doctor in his faded plaid than was that of the London surgeon wrapped in his overcoat of handsome furs, and of how the London physician saw the courage of the country doctor and handsomely acknowledged it, their delight knew no bounds.

At this time the story of David and Goliath was rehearsed. The picture of David and Goliath which stands at the top of the "Joiner's Song," was shown to them. Almost imperceptibly she led them away from mere physical courage to moral courage, and thus their first consciousness of evil and wrong-

doing was accompanied by the right overcoming of that evil and wrong, and the true hero element was set to germinating within their sweet innocent hearts to be ready to help them overcome real evil and real wrong-doing when the conflict should arise in their own lives, as inevitably it must arise sooner or later in every life.

From these experiences we naturally drifted into talks of shadow pictures made by the two hands at the top of "The Wolf and the Wild Boar," songs. Then Margaret led the children back to the pictures which accompany the "Rabbit Song;" and from these suggestions they learned to make many shadow pictures on the bare, weather-stained wall of our mountain cabin. The strong, clear sun-light did its part in throwing the shadow pictures into sharp relief thereby adding to the interest in them.

Margaret began by making the shadow heads of fierce animals with her hands, playing at the same time that they were wolves and wild boars, opening and shutting their mouths in fierce hunger for their prey. Again the same wolves were shown lovingly licking the coats of their offsprings. Thus the children were led to see that animal nature is not

wholly evil. Then, the head of a dog was represented by a shadow picture, at first fierce and dangerous, but slowly tamed by kindness into loving companionship; the attitude of the head, and the opening and shutting of the mouth being easily altered by a slight change of the hands which made the picture. Hosts of dark shadowy beasts and birds, fishes and creeping things, were made to appear and disappear upon our sun-illumined wall. Finally, Lena discovered that any other object as well as the human hand could produce shadow pictures.

Then followed a whole series of experiments in which pictures of birds and butterflies, houses and trees, children and grown people, were cut out of paper and held up so that their shadows might be thrown upon the shining wall.

"We can make any kind of a picture we choose," announced Georgie, in triumph, as he finished the experiment of cutting off the head of a paper doll and holding the decapitated body up to see its shadowed reproduction, and then again pinning the head on the trunk and again holding it up to see the effect.

"We can change the shadow pictures, but they can't change themselves," added Lena.

Thus from these seemingly trifling plays they had themselves deduced the thoughts in this truly beautiful and significant little shadow game.

That evening I read aloud to Margaret from Froebel's commentary on the "Rabbit Song:" "Between the bright light which shines on the smooth, white wall is thrust a dark object, and straightway appears the form which so delights the child. This is the outer fact. What is the truth which through this fact is hinted to the prophetic mind? Is it not the creative and transforming power of light — that power which brings form and color out of chaos and makes the beauty which gladdens our hearts? Is it not more than this — the foreshadowing of the spiritual fact that our darkest experiences *may* project themselves in forms that will delight and please, if our eyes shine with the love of God? The sternest crags and most forbidding chasms are beautiful in the mellow sunshine, while the fairest landscapes lose their charms, and indeed cease to be, when the light which created them is withdrawn. Is it not thus also with our lives? Yesterday, touched by the light of enthusiastic emotion, all our relations seemed beautiful and blessed; to-day, when the glow of enthusiasm has

faded, they oppress and repulse us. Only the conviction that it is the darkness within us that makes the darkness without, can restore the lost peace of our souls. Be it, therefore, oh, mother, your sacred duty to make your darling early feel the working both of the outer and inner light! Let him see in one the symbol of the other, and, tracing light and color to their source in the sun, may he learn to trace the beauty and meaning of his life to its source in God."

When I had finished reading I glanced up, and Margaret's eyes were glistening as she gently said: "How true to art, as well as to nature, Froebel is! All poetry and all painting make use of lights and shadows to convey the deeper meaning of good and evil, and we have seen to-day how the little child instinctively feels the same."

She then spoke of Wagner's wonderful use of light and darkness in the setting of his opera of "Tannhauser," where he makes them help to portray the two characters of *Elizabeth* and *Ortrud*.

I expressed the wish that we might have with us her collection of photographs illustrating how high lights and deep shadows are used by master painters to emphasize spiritual

meaning in their pictures. But she replied: "They might be interesting and useful, but they are not absolutely necessary. Nature is constantly giving us pictures of high lights and deep shadows, and the tones of our voices, the expression of our faces, can carry the same into the world of the child's imagination. After all, the great thing for us to realize is, that only darkness within can ever make our outer life seem dark, and so to struggle against all forms of discouragement, discontent, and despair. I remember so well," she added, "what Madam Kraus Boelte once said to us: 'A kindergartner has no right to come into her kindergarten with a sad face. Children need cheerfulness as much as plants need sunshine.'"

Knowing, as I did, some of the deep shadows which had come into Margaret's life and how patiently she had borne them, and how triumphantly she had risen above them in order that she might be worthy of her high calling, the thought came to me: "Is not this message of Froebel's doing as much for womanhood as for childhood? What a noble race of women we shall have when this great thought is really lived by the majority of women as this true soul is living it! Surely, Lessing was right, 'The greatest thing a hero can do is to *be* a hero.'"

Chapter XI.

THE FIVE KNIGHTS.

No other play suggested by Froebel, for children, shows more clearly his profound insight into the depths of human nature than this little drama of three acts, "The Knights and the Good Child," "The Knights and the Bad Child," and "The Knights and the Mother." He here places before us a simple, practical way of dealing with two universal and tremendously strong instincts; namely, desire for the approval of those we love, and the dread of censure from those we most esteem.

The part which these instincts have taken in the life of humanity is as old as the record of man. It is the chief thing told in the Hebraic chronicle of the Garden of Eden. The approval of the Lord made paradise. The disapproval of the Lord banished Adam and Eve from that paradise. The Egyptians and the Persians have each told of this same hunger of the human heart for the Divine approval, and the same dread of Divine censure. Homer has

portrayed the play of these instincts, though in a somewhat different way. He sketches for all time the great heroic, beloved Achilles giving way to his wrath, becoming isolated and useless as he sulks in his tent, writhing under the censure of his friends, repenting and becoming reconciled to his people, and then being restored to his old place of hero and defender. This union, then estrangement through wrong doing, and restoration through true repentance, is the key-note to half of Shakespeare's plays. Every poet of Christendom has sung the same theme. Sin separates us from our fellow-men as well as from God. Love unites us to mankind and the All-Father. Deep down in each human soul is the longing for approval and love, and the dread of censure or the withdrawal of that love. The marvelous way in which Froebel has brought this world-wide, time-tried truth down into the child's play in the nursery is enough to entitle him to the respect and admiration of all parents and educators who realize that the child must be trained in world-principles if he is to attain unto world-culture.

I can give but an imperfect record of Margaret's use of this little play with our two children, but perhaps it will contain some hints

and suggestions that may be helpful to other believers in hero-worship and the value of the same to the child.

At the beginning of the rainy season, the joy of seeing the myriad-fold life burst forth, as if by magic, from the bare, sandy foot-hills, filling the cracks and crevices of the rocky cañons with ferns and mosses, and giving the touch of vigorous life to the drooping foliage of the trees, was sufficient in itself to occupy both the children and us. Nowhere else does the miracle of life come with such marvelous swiftness and such mysterious power as in a semi-tropical country where the long dry season has slowly absorbed the strength of the vegetable world, and the first torrent of rain with which the wet season usually begins brings back to Nature, sometimes in a single night, the freshness and the beauty of youth.

The children were wild with delight over the return of the verdure and freshness. After a few days, however, they grew accustomed to this new aspect of Nature and began to rebel against confinement to the house on account of the rain, oftentimes eluding our watchful care and darting out into the wet and dancing about in it with the joy of water nymphs and the carelessness of ground squir-

rels, and when finally coaxed or ordered back into the house, they were oftentimes drenched to the skin but thoroughly refreshed and renewed in spirit.

One rainy afternoon, in order to prevent a repetition of one of these excursions to the dripping world outside, Margaret suggested that we should each take turn in telling a story, an exercise which was always enjoyed by the children. Georgie, being the youngest, told his story first. It was a simple rehearsal of one of the many he had learned from Margaret. Then came Lena's turn; then mine; and finally, as a climax, Margaret was called upon for her story. The Kindergarten training had taught her long ago to throw herself into her story, to forget entirely for the time her own personality, and to take on that of the characters of whom she was speaking. She was therefore a good story-teller and her stories were always looked forward to with great delight by the children.

"Well," she began, "what shall my story be about — a fairy, a giant, a prince, a dog, a bird, or a little child?" "Let's have one of the Mother-Play-Book stories," said Georgie. Rising as he spoke and going to the table, he took down the Mother-Play-Book and brought

it to her. "All right," she replied, "you and Lena can pick out the picture and I will tell the story." The two children bent eagerly over the book, selecting first one and then another of the pictures, and finally decided upon the one which illustrates "The Five Knights and Good Child." "Tell us about these men in the funny clothes, ridin' horseback," said Georgie.

"Good!" cried Margaret, "I love that story;" and forthwith she began and the two children settled down with an earnest, expectant look on their faces.

"Once upon a time, a long time ago, there lived in a great stone house a mother and her little baby. The house was so large and so strongly built that the father of the little baby had no fear in going off on long journeys, so sure was he that his wife and child would be safe within the castle walls."

"What are castle walls," interrupted Georgie. "A castle," said Margaret, "is a very large, stone house with walls around it as thick as that table is wide across. In such castles lived the noblest and bravest men in the world. They were called *knights* and they spent their whole lives in defending the weak, the poor, and the helpless and in fight-

ing battles for their country and their king. They built these strong castles not only to save their own wives and children from harm, but that the poor people who lived in the country around about might come to them and be protected in times of danger. Well, this mother and little child, about whom I am telling you, lived in one of these strong, beautiful castles and were very happy together. The mother loved her little child and cared for his body and saw that it was always clean and well fed. She helped him to learn wise and useful things, and most of all, she taught him to be loving and good and kind so that he might some day become one of the king's brave knights.

"These castles were not built like our ranch houses on the foothills here, though they were often built on hill-tops, but they were large houses, made, as I told you before, of heavy stone, and were usually built one room after another, so as to surround the courtyard something like this." Taking up a pencil and a piece of paper, Margaret hastily sketched a courtyard surrounded by the walls and rooms of a castle. "Although there were a great many servants in such a big house, yet the mother and her little child passed many happy

days alone in this open, sunshiny courtyard. On one particular morning, however, the mother said to the little one: 'I want you to be washed fresh and clean and be dressed in your best clothes to-day, for this is going to be a great festival day for you and me, and we are going to have visitors.'

"The little child looked up and laughed with glee, and said: 'Who is coming?'

"'Five knights — five brave knights are coming to visit us to-day, and I want my dear child to look as sweet and clean as he is good and kind, for it will make my heart very happy to have the knights learn to love him as I love him.' So together they hurried off to where the little child was made ready for the visitors.

"Before long they heard the galloping, galloping, galloping of horses' hoofs far away on the smooth road, and soon they came in sight, five splendid knights mounted on black horses, with embroidered saddles and gold trappings. Each knight was dressed in a glittering coat of shining steel, and on his head he wore a helmet — a large cap that covered his whole head and shone like gold in the sunlight. Surmounting these beautiful helmets were long, white plumes. Around the waist

of each knight was a strong, steel belt, and hanging by the side of each one of them was his trusty sword with which he had fought in many a battle for his country, his king, and the right. The fronts of their helmets were lifted so that their strong, manly faces could be seen, and they were smiling as they came nearer to the castle, galloping fast and galloping free. Into the courtyard they came, and there they halted.

"Taking her child in her arms, the mother stepped out onto the little porch or balcony which led from her room in the second story.

"'What seek you, good knights, to-day?' she said, courteously.

"'A child that is loving, and good, and kind,' answered the first knight.

"'This is the child, so dear,' exclaimed the proud, happy mother, holding out the baby in her arms.

"The knights waved him a glad salute, as on their faces could be seen the pleasure which the mother's words had given them.

"'Child, be always good and gay;
Now we'll gallop, and gallop, and gallop away,'

they sang as they galloped out of sight."

Simple as the story was, it stirred within the breast of each of the two listeners a pleasure in the commendation awarded to the child. The two small heads bowed lovingly and long over the picture as Margaret, at their request, repeated again and again the details.

"After the knights had gone away," she added, "the mother and her little child often talked about their visit, and by and by they learned to play that the mother's five fingers were the knights galloping back and forth on the table top, and that her other hand which held one of the baby's hands in it, was the mother with the child in her arms."

As Margaret gave the description she acted out the little drama, letting the tips of the fingers of her right hand as it advanced and receded, make the galloping sound upon the table. The left hand with thumb enfolded in it represented the mother and the little child, and as she carried forward the play, she sang, in soft sweet tones, Emily Huntington Miller's version of the first part of this significant drama of Froebel's — as it is given in Susan Blow's translation of the Mother-Play-Book.

After repeating the game several times, the children began joining in the song and the motion of the galloping fingers. Nearly an

hour was passed pleasantly in this way. From this time on the children frequently brought up the subject of the knights, and Margaret, little by little, told them legends and stories of knighthood and chivalry.

About a week had gone by when one day Georgie did something which he knew to be wrong. Margaret made no comment on the deed although he looked furtively up at her to see if she had noticed it. That afternoon as we sat in the shade of a wide-spreading chestnut tree she said: "Lena, if you will go into the house and bring me the Mother-Play-Book I shall tell you another story about the Five Knights and Little Child." Lena ran eagerly and brought the book, and the two children pressed close to Margaret's side to look at the picture as the book lay open upon her lap. "How do you think the knights look in this picture?" said Margaret, turning to the second picture of "The Knights and the Bad Child." "They are mad at something," said Georgie. "What do you suppose could make such brave, strong, true men angry?" asked Margaret. "Breakfast wasn't ready on time," said Georgie. "Oh, no," replied Margaret, "Knights learn to go hungry for a whole day, if it is necessary, without complaining." "They were

mad with their Granny because she was sick," said Lena. "No," said Margaret, "Knights are always kind and gentle to old people. Being so strong and well themselves they feel that there is all the more reason why they should be gentle and tender with weak and sick people." "Maybe they wanted to go to town sooner and couldn't get there," suggested Georgie. "No," said Margaret, "That could not be the reason. The knights controlled themselves and also their time for going and coming. Sometimes when they were besieging the city of an enemy they would have to wait patiently for weeks, until the king's command came; so they learned not to get impatient." Several more vain attempts to answer the question were made, based largely upon the children's own experience as to what caused the anger in the few men with whom they had come in contact. To each one Margaret gave an answer which showed how unlikely these ideal men would be to succumb to so weak a temptation. "Well, we don't know why they look cross," said Georgie, "tell us about it." "They are not cross," answered Margaret. "They are stern. Look at my face for a minute." Both children looked up eagerly. "Now, I am looking cross." With that Margaret assumed an

expression of petulance and vexation. "A true knight never looks like that! Now, I am looking stern, because something I have heard displeases me and makes me sad at heart." The power to express emotion by means of her face would have won Margaret an enviable position upon the stage. With her it was not the result of training, but of an intensely emotional nature held under control. The children gazed at her steadfastly as she thus illustrated the difference between irritability and stern disapproval. "In this picture the knights look very, very stern, and you can see that they are riding away from the castle, not singing the joyful song they sang when last they visited the mother and her little child. What do you suppose has happened?" said Margaret. "Oh, we don't know," said Lena in a tone of actual distress. "Tell us, please, won't you?" "Yes, hurry up," added Georgie, "I can't wait." "What," said Margaret, looking surprised, "My boy can't wait for the story! How does he ever expect to grow up and be as patient and enduring as a knight would be?" Instantly the petulance disappeared from the boy's face and he unconsciously straightened himself up and answered quietly, "I can wait, but I wish you

would tell us." "Well," said Margaret, "something so sad has happened!" Here her voice dropped to a low tone as she slowly uttered these words. "Something so very sad has happened that I almost dislike to tell you about it. The little boy who had been so tenderly loved and cared for forgot all about the love that had been given him and grew selfish; so cross and willful was he that his mother had to say to him, 'I can not have you stay here with me to-day. Until you try to be a good boy you will have to go off into another room by yourself and stay there.' Just after she had sent him off to be shut up in the nursery, she heard the galloping, galloping, galloping of horses' feet in the distance; and soon the beautiful, brave knights came riding up the hill and into the castle courtyard, singing aloud as they came, and asking to see the good child again, saying that they had come to take him for a ride. The poor mother felt so sad and almost ashamed to think that she would have to tell the brave knights that her little boy had done what he knew was wrong and was not worthy of riding with them. So, bowing her head that she might not have to look in their faces, she said, in a low tone of voice: —

" ' Oh, brave knights, you will be sad
To know that my child is selfish and bad.'

" The knights looked surprised at this and straightened themselves on their horses, their leader replied in a stern, strong voice: —

" ' It grieves us much to say
He cannot then ride with us to-day.
Only good children with us can go.'

" Then turning the heads of their horses, they slowly rode out of the courtyard of the castle, down the hill and off to hunt for good children, and were soon out of sight."

The dramatic manner in which Margaret recited this act was extremely interesting to me. All the grief and sorrow, shame, and mortification, of the mother was first depicted in her face; then the stern dignity of majesty and offended law and righteousness was shown by her erect body, stern face, and solemn voice as she recited the knights' part of the dialogue.

When it was ended, the two children sat looking solemnly up into her face. Not a word was spoken for a minute or two. Then suddenly relaxing her attitude, expression of face, and tone of voice, Margaret exclaimed: " Now I have some good news to tell you.

The little child heard what his mother said to the knights and what they said to her. He saw them from his nursery window ride slowly and solemnly away, and then he threw himself upon the floor and sobbed and cried as if his heart would break. He was so ashamed of himself; so sorry for his mother; and he regretted so much that the knights had to go away from him when they had come to give him pleasure. By and by his mother came into the room. Jumping up from the floor he ran over to her, and throwing his arms around her neck, cried: —

"'Oh, mother, mother, dear, I *will try* to be good! I won't be cross and hateful any more? Won't you help me to be good? I can't bear to think of the great knights riding away as if they never wished to see or hear of me any more. Oh, mother, mother, dear! I am so, so sorry that I made you feel ashamed of me.'"

"Now comes the bright, happy part of my story," said Margaret, turning to the third picture of the "Knights and the Mother:"—

"One fine, clear morning again the mother heard the bugle note sounding far off in the distance, merry and clear. She knew that it was the signal that the knights were coming,

and soon again she heard the galloping, galloping, galloping of the horses' hoofs.

"'Ha, ha! The knights want my sweet child,' she exclaimed. 'They would take thee away with them and make a brave knight of thee.'

"'No, no;' said the little child, clinging close to her, 'I want to stay with you a while longer, mother, dear. I am not strong enough or brave enough to be a knight yet.'

"'Well, hide quickly, then, my darling,' she exclaimed, and the little boy hid himself in the folds of her loose mantle as the knights came galloping in.

"She told them that she did not want to give her darling up to them, but wanted to keep him safe and close to her for a while longer. So the knights, bowing a farewell to her, bade her good day. Then the mother called to her little one to peep out and say good-bye to the brave knights who, some day, when he grew stronger and older, might come again for him and take him on their long, perilous journeys to fight the world's great battles."

When she had finished, a deep sigh of relief escaped from Georgie. Looking thoughtfully at the three pictures for a few moments, he

paused at the second one, and looking up, he said: —

"What was it the little boy did that made his mother so sad and made the brave knights ride away from him? Tell it again."

"He was selfish," said Margaret, "and sulky, and unkind, and acted as he knew no true knight would ever act. The knights, you know," she continued, "were looking for little boys who could become knights like themselves some day."

"Will the knights ever come for me?" asked Georgie.

"That depends entirely upon you;" Margaret quietly replied.

Nothing further was said.

Not long after this Georgie came up to our cabin and announced that he dreamed the night before that he was a knight and that he had gotten on old Dobbin's back and had ridden to town, where he found a beautiful black horse waiting for him. Then turning to Margaret he said, as if the dream horse had become a reality: —

"Where shall I go now to get the gold bridle and embroidered saddle?"

"You will have to wait for them," she replied, "until you are enough of a true knight to have them sent to you."

"Oh, dear!" he answered, a little impatiently, "I wish I was a tall man now."

"It is not just simply being a tall man," answered Margaret, "that would make you a knight. It is being a very noble man; one who is never afraid of anything; one who always tells the truth; one who thinks of others before he thinks of himself; and one who loves all that is pure and good."

The boy gazed earnestly into her face as she spoke, then straightening himself to his full height and instinctively throwing back his shoulders, he said resolutely: —

"*I am going to be a knight some day.*"

"I hope you are," she replied, as she stooped down and kissed his forehead.

As I listened to his words there came into my memory a somewhat similar experience I once had with a six-year-old boy whose mother afterwards told me that he had added to his formal prayer the petition: "Dear Lord, make me good enough to be a knight some day."

I could not help admiring the tact Margaret used whenever she told this story of the knights. She had long since learned to picture in her stories, *life as it is* when seen by true eyes. In this particular story, for example,

it is love for the mother, the happy disposition, the willing, unselfish obedience, all *inner* habits of character which can be striven for and obtained by any soul. When the tragic side of the little drama was portrayed and the sorrow of the mother told, together with the turning away of the great knights from the little child, the reason given was also for an *inner* cause. Again the joy of these same knights was great as they recognized the good in others; their disappointment was keen when it was necessary for them to censure wrong, and their recognition of repentance never failed.

By means of such stories, songs and games, Margaret was, almost intuitively, putting into the children's lives the right estimate of the conduct to be expected from noble souls. Superior people *always* seek to recognize good in others.

In her life with these children, Margaret's usual instrument for reproof was good-humored raillery, realizing, as she did, that humor at such a time is a tacit confession of a bond of fellowship between the one censured and his censor; though I have seen her occasionally stern and unbending as the Righteous Judge.

So in such a story as this of the Five

Knights she did not hesitate to picture the great and noble knights as stern and indignant, knowing that this was her opportunity to portray the isolation which sin brings, the contempt of the truly righteous for those who willfully continue in wrong-doing, and the quick, ready willingness of those same judges to forget the past and accept again into the realm of frendship one who is striving to atone for the past and to live rightly. I speak of this because she had often regretted that there was a kind of sentimentality abroad in many kindergartens which led to the belief that no picture of evil could be portrayed to the child.

In talking upon this subject she said: "One of the greatest evidences of the marvelous insight of the poet Dante is that in the lower circles of Purgatory, where the proud, self-sufficient souls are learning the lesson of humility, there are carved upon the walls of the road, examples of the truly gentle, humble, and loving spirits who had passed on before, but on the ground below are carved deterrent examples of the haughty, proud, and insolent souls who have refused to learn the great lesson of self-abnegation. We need both lights and shadows to make evident to us the true nature of the

inner as well as the outer landscapes. A great point," she added, "is that we need in our lives and conduct to show that we really do admire the characters that we describe as admirable in our stories to children, and that we really do turn away from and show our disapproval of the kinds of people whom we portray as despicable. In other words, that our story-telling must be consistent with our living just as much as are our dealings with the child."

After this conversation I studied her more closely to see if she were really striving to live up to her high ideals, and I noticed on many occasions the sweet, gentle, almost unconscious touches which she gave to the children in accordance with the thought in the little game of the Five Knights, wherein praise and censure are given to the inner motives rather than to the outer deed. For example, one morning the children in great glee brought to us a bunch of wild gentians which they had just discovered in the edge of the cañon. We, of course, expressed much pleasure at the sight of the beautiful flowers.

"Are they not sweet?" exclaimed Lena.

"Yes," replied Margaret, putting her arm around the child and drawing her close to her side, "they are very beautiful; but sweeter

still to me is the thought that our dear children love to bring us whatever they find that is beautiful." Then she added, laughingly: "It is the little love flowers that grow in your heart for which I care most, though the flowers that grow in the cañon are beautiful, too."

The light that came into the child's face showed that she clearly understood the touch of praise for the inner impulse rather than the outer activity.

On another occasion, when Georgie was atttempting to bring a jar of fresh water from the kitchen into the living room by way of helping Margaret in arranging some flowers, he stumbled and fell full length upon the floor, breaking the jar into fifty pieces. It was a favorite jar of Margaret's, but instantly stooping down to help him rise, she said in a gentle tone: —

"Never mind, Georgie dear, you didn't mean to break my jar and I should rather have you break my jar than break a promise to me." Here, too, the earnest, wondering look that came into the child's face and the sudden flash of new resolution told me unerringly that he had inwardly responded to the exquisite touch of this mother-hearted woman. Many similar incidents occurred during our sojourn in the

foothills, all showing how deeply Margaret herself was imbued with the truth which Froebel so often reiterates in his writings, that it is only by being ourselves what we would have our children become that we really and truly influence them to strive to become all that we desire of them.

The little game of the Knights was soon dramatized by the children. Margaret and Georgie sometimes played that they were knights galloping in to visit Lena and me, who represented the mothers of imaginary children. At other times they took the part of the rejoicing and sorrowing mothers, and we of the gallant and noble knights. The game in time became a great favorite with the children, partly no doubt on account of the exhilaration which came from the galloping, when they represented the horses, which they easily imitated, as they oftentimes saw men galloping up or down the road in front of their cabin. But I cannot help feeling, that part of the attraction was due to the inner response of their spirits to the words of praise and censure; for they were just as willing to play the part of the mother as that of the galloping knights. Very real did the knights become to the children, and one afternoon as Margaret and I came

suddenly around the side of the cabin we saw Georgie sitting on the front steps with his elbow placed upon his knee, his chin resting in the upturned palm of his hand, and his eyes gazing wistfully down the long stretch of road which lay toward the town. "What are you doing, Georgie," asked Margaret. "Oh, I was just looking down the road, wondering if the knights wouldn't come galloping up our hill some day." "They may never come here, Georgie dear," said Margaret sitting down beside him, "but you may be sure that when you grow up and do your share of work in the world, you will always find knightly men who will rejoice with you, and who will be sad when you do less than your best." Her tone grew soft and low as it always did when she was talking of the deeper things of life. I often felt that she was instilling into these motherless children, by her voice on such occasions, both love and reverence for the really great things of life.

Speaking of this little game, Froebel says, in his "Commentary to Mothers:" "With this song and those that follow it, we rise to a new development. What has hitherto been done to fashion the will and build the character, has been incidental. What is now to be

done, must be with clear intention and deliberate aim."

He then proceeds to show how the knights, on account of their power in horsemanship, their courage in battle, and the nobility of their aim, stand out as a pattern to children, which is full of magical and ideal beauty. Their judgment is, therefore, something to be listened to and sought for.

He also urges the mother to so give her praise or censure that the child may be helped to distinguish between his present and the yet-to-be-attained character.

"The distinction of the ideal and potential from the real — the distinction of the inner motive from the possible act — these are the cardinal points of the moral life," he continues, "upon his success or failure to apprehend them will depend whether your child lives and strives for *being* or appearance — for what is seen and temporal, or for what is unseen and eternal."

In closing this brief chronicle of some of my richest and most beautiful recollections of our sojourn on the mountains, I would say that my own experience has verified fully all that Froebel has claimed for the power of thus understanding aright the true office of praise and censure.

I have been so fortunate as to have had my life made richer by intimate contact with many earnest mothers who have striven faithfully to live according to the ideals awakened by their study of the "Mother-Play-Book." They have given me many more instances of the influences which have arisen within the hearts of their children towards self-conquest, self-control, and right-doing, as ideal characters have been portrayed, and the judgment which such characters must always pass upon right and wrong conduct, until in time the outside world ceases to be the judge and conscience within sits upon his throne, passing a judgment stronger and mightier than all the courts of justice or tribunals of the outside world.

Chapter XII.

THE CHURCH BELLS.

Our mountain life was enriched by Margaret's and my reading together Dean Stanley's "History of the Jewish Church." As she had a low, musical voice, she usually did the reading; while I occupied my hands with the darning and mending or other sewing that our long tramps necessitated. During the two hours set apart each day for this reading, the children had learned that they were not to interrupt us, though they often played about in close proximity to us, either speaking in low whispers to each other, or merely communicating by means of that most universal of all languages — signs and gestures. Sometimes they would steal close up to us and sit down on the ground, listening intently in their effort to understand what was being read. One day when we had finished, the book was closed, which was our signal that they might come to us again, Georgie, who had been sitting unobserved for some time at Margaret's feet, sprang up and exclaimed: —

"I just want to know what *church* is.

You've been reading about church, and church, and church, ever so many times, and I never saw or heard a church. What's a church?"

"A church," said Margaret, gently putting her arms around him, "is the meeting together of men and women and little children to worship God. Usually it is in a beautiful house which they have built in order that they may meet together the more easily."

"What is worship God?" asked our little mountain heathen, who had never seen a church and had never been taught any form of religious worship.

Realizing the importance of his first impressions on so momentous a subject, Margaret remained silent a moment or two, and then said: —

"Georgie, you may go into the cabin and bring to me the 'Mother-Play-Book' and I will show you the picture of a church, and will read you a song which was written about a church, and then, perhaps, you will understand better what we mean by the word."

Never doubting but that the Mother-Play-Book would settle the question, Georgie went into the house and returned holding it high in the air and called to Lena: —

"Come Lena, come! Now we're goin' to tell all about a church."

An amusing thing to me was the fact that the boy always identified himself with Margaret's story-telling as if it were a part of his own doing. In fact it was his eager, earnest, trusting face looking up into hers that drew from her some of her best stories. I think it was Madame De Stael, was it not, who said that a charming conversation requires a good listener as well as a good speaker. At any rate such usually is the Kindergartner's experience, and when Margaret began her story, Georgie always carried out his part of the good listener to the fullest extent.

Margaret opened the book at the picture of the Church with a throng of people coming towards its arched doorway. This was new to the two children, who had never seen a large assembly of people, but by means of the picture and some explanatory talk Margaret succeeded in giving them the idea that a church was a place to which young and old, rich and poor, high and low, met together to speak to God, thanking him for his mercies and asking him guide them in their work with and for each other.

The children had never heard a church bell and were very much interested in her account of the same, as well as in the fact that in the

picture a little boy no bigger than Georgie could cause the great bells to ring, calling all the people to come to church.

The next day Margaret brought out one of the worsted balls of the first kindergarten gift and suspending it by its string between her two fingers, she held it high above her head and began singing slowly in deep, rich tones the words: —

"Bells, so high up in the steeple,
Calling: "Come to Church, dear people,
Come, come, come,
Bim bom bim!'"

The resonance of the notes in the last two lines gave a significance which would not have been there, if sung by a person less filled with the spirit of the song.

The children looked up at her and listened in silence. When she had finished singing, Lena, whose love for music was strong, said: —

"Oh! Sing that again, Miss Margaret? Please sing it again!"

Margaret again sang the song of the "Church Bells," so familiar to all Kindergartners.

"Let us play it," pleaded Georgie.

"I do not like to play church," replied Margaret, "unless my children feel that they would like to go to church."

"I do not know what 'feel like go to church' means," said Georgie. "I've never been to church in all my life." This last was said in a tone of discouragement, as if he were looking back over a vista of wasted years.

Seeing that she had made a mistake, Margaret tried to rectify it as best she could: —

"All right, we'll play going to church, now. But you know that when little children go to church they are very quiet and do not talk but listen as best they can to what the great and good man who stands in the pulpit, has to say to them."

With this she opened the book and showed them the exalted pulpit of the Medieval Church portrayed in the picture.

"What makes him stand so far away from the people?" asked Georgie, "he looks as if he were shut up in a box up there."

I could not help smiling at the naive remark, it was so in accordance with the secularizing movement of the church of the present day, with which Margaret was not in much sympathy.

"No," said Margaret, respectfully, "he is

not shut up in his pulpit — he lives very close to his people, and when any one of them is sick or in trouble, they send for him and he goes to them and comforts them. If a new baby comes into the family, he helps the father and mother to realize that it is a gift from God to them, and when they take it to the church he christens it — which means that they go to the church and there, in the presence of all their friends and neighbors, thank God for having sent them their little child and promise Him that they will do what they can to have it grow up loving Him and serving Him, and the clergyman prays to God to help them to do this. Then when there is a marriage in the family; that is to say, when one of their sons takes some one of the daughters to be his wife or helper in making a new home, the clergyman comes and asks God to bless them in their new life together. And so, the people of his church learn to love him very dearly. He only goes up into the high pulpit when they all meet together in the church and he wants to see all their faces and to have them all hear what he has to say to them. It is at such times that he tells them what he thinks God wants to have them to do; and when they all bow their heads and close their eyes and he

speaks to God for them and tells Him of their love and desire to please Him and asks Him to guide and direct them.

I had often before noticed that whenever Margaret spoke of church or of anything connected with it she always spoke in a tone of great reverence; but it seemed to me that in this quiet little monologue there was unusual earnestness. She seemed to realize that she was opening the door of a new world to these two children and her voice was so hushed and so reverent that I was thrilled through and through. That the children were impressed was evident from their upturned faces.

"Can we ever go to church?" asked Georgie earnestly.

"Perhaps, some day," replied Margaret. "Come, let us have some play, now, we have talked long enough."

Again and again after this the children brought the picture of the church, with its reverent throng of listeners, its earnest priest and ringing bells, to be talked over. Margaret added to the impression she had already made by telling to them several times McDonald Alden's beautiful story of "Why the Church Bells did not Ring." To make it more easily comprehended by the children she altered it

somewhat by having Pedro and the little brother find a suffering, half-starved dog upon the roadside, instead of the dying woman; feeling that the latter might possibly awaken too deeply their emotional natures.

The children committed to memory and sang the first two stanzas of the "Church Song" in the "Mother-Play-Book."

Notwithstanding the reverence with which Margaret always treated the subject of the church and all things connected with it, there soon came the demand from Georgie: —

"Let's play church!"

Feeling that the boy was only trying to grasp more clearly the thoughts which had been presented to him, she said: —

"All right, we will. We cannot show you just exactly how a church looks inside, but we can show you how people act when they are in church and that is more important."

Under her direction the children placed the half-dozen chairs, which our little cabin contained, in three rows with two in each row. A small table was brought out to represent the pulpit. I was selected to be the mother, Georgie the father, and Lena the child, of the ideal family who were going to church. Books and various other objects around the apart-

ment were to represent the other people who were joining in the church services. Margaret took, first the part of the church bell, then the part of the usher, then the organist, and then the preacher. Standing on her tiptoes with her hands touching high above her head, and with a small ball suspended in the arch thus made, she began to intone the words: —

"Bim, bom, bim,
Come, come, come,
Bim, bom, bim."

Giving as nearly as possible a representation of the resonant sound of the church bell.

In the meantime in another corner of the room, Georgie, Lena and I, were brushing our clothes, straightening our hair, and putting on our imaginary hats and wraps, preparatory to starting to church. Then, by way of inducing the serenity and calmness which ought always to precede the entrance into a church, I remarked: —

"I am so glad this is the first bell instead of the second. We shall have time to walk quietly to church. I do dislike hurrying to church, don't you?"

"Oh, yes," replied Georgie in the dignified

tone of the father of a family. "Do other people hurry to church?"

In asking this question he unconsciously dropped back into the eager curiosity of the child who was about to enter upon a ceremony entirely new to him.

"Why, father," I replied in a tone of surprise, "don't you know what the clergyman said the other Sunday about hoping that we should all be in our pews, quiet and thoughtful, before it was time to begin the church services?"

"Oh, yes," he replied, suddenly assuming the dignified tone and air of a man of importance. "Come, little daughter, it is time we were starting."

With that we both took Lena by the hand and in a very leisurely manner quietly walked twice around the table and chairs and into our places in the improvised church. Margaret now ceased being the bell and became the usher, respectfully ushering into their respective pews Mr. and Mrs. Book and the two little Books, Mr. and Mrs. Pillow, Mr. Dust Broom and Miss Whisk Broom, much to the quiet delight of our children.

Georgie so utterly forgot the solemnity of the occasion as to giggle aloud once or twice, in which levity Lena soon joined.

"My dear little daughter," said I in a soft whisper, "we do not laugh in the church or make fun of other people though they may look queer to us. When we go to church together we try to remember that anyone else who has come to church has come to help praise God also and to learn His will." The two children were sobered at once and Margaret now resumed her place as bell-ringer and the tones of the bell sounded again through the air. I bowed my head silently until it touched the back of the chair in front of me and the children instinctively did the same. The bell ceased its tolling and now, going over to a small workstand at one side of the room, Margaret began, at first very softly, humming the air of a familiar hymn. Slowly the humming rose into sonorous notes and filled the little room with wordless but resonant melody. I whispered to Lena, loud enough, however, for Georgie to hear: —

"That is the church organ. Do you remember it in the picture?"

Both children nodded. When the hymn had been repeated the second time, we rose to our feet and Margaret and I sang the words of which she had hummed the air. Before we had finished singing, both children had en-

deavored to join, as best they could, in the song, though they did not know the words.

This finished, Margaret transformed herself into the clergyman, and standing behind the pulpit, said solemnly and earnestly: —

"Let us all join in silent prayer to God."

Still standing, I bowed my head and the children did the same. The moment or two of silence which followed was to me a most impressive experience. I knew that to Margaret as well as to myself this was not mere play but an introduction of the church thought into the lives of these little ones.

This ended, we seated ourselves again. By this time both of the children were in a state of hushed reverence, and Margaret, still standing, opened her Bible and read part of the nineteenth Psalm.

Then she said: "Dear people, all of you who have left your various homes and have come to this place that you might together praise God and pray to Him, listen to this message from the Bible. It teaches us how much He has done in making this great and beautiful world of ours for us to live in. May you each go home stronger and better for having heard and realized more than ever before that you can speak to God, the Father of

all, and that He will hear you. Remember that every beautiful thing which you see in the world about you is a message of love from Him."

Going back to the stand — which served as the organ, she began again humming the same familiar tune with which the services had begun. Quietly we rose and walked down the supposed aisle of the church, twice around the little cluster of chairs, and then into the corner from which we had started. When we reached the spot, taking off his imaginary hat, Georgie exclaimed: —

"My! but I've been to church at last! Let us get the 'Mother-Play-Book' and look at it again. Can't you ever talk in church?" he added, as we looked at the picture.

"No," I replied, "that is not the place for us to talk. We have plenty of other places in which to talk."

I repeat this story in detail, first, because of its good effect on the two children; next, as showing Margaret's ingenuity in giving impressions of important experiences when the real experience could not be lived through.

The next day our friend, Mrs. Brown, came up from the town to visit us, and immediately the children asked us to reproduce the play of

"Church." Soon after we were seated in the improvised church, Georgie began kicking up his heels. Instantly Margaret stopped the organ playing, and in her ordinary tone of voice said: —

"We cannot play church any more to-day. I never play church unless everybody feels church."

This was said quietly and sternly.

"I won't kick up any more," pleaded Georgie, "I was just a-foolin'."

But Margaret was inexorable. He had consciously violated the law of the game — a touch of irreverence had crept into it — and he must therefore be deprived of the privilege of playing it. Nor was it repeated for several days. In fact I do not think it was played but once more, and then under conditions that were exceedingly interesting to me.

We were off on one of our long tramps up the mountain side, and were seated by the dusty roadway resting, when Georgie turned to Margaret and said earnestly: —

"Tell us the church story, Miss Marg't."

So Margaret began and quietly told the story of the little church standing in the middle of the village in which lived a number of people, all of whom went together on Sunday morning

to worship God with praise and prayer. The grandfathers and the grandmothers, and the fathers and mothers, and sisters and brothers, all slowly walked to church as the bell called out: "Come, come, come." "Then," continued she, "as the organ played they seated themselves quietly in their places. When the clergyman rose they all rose and sang a hymn, and then they bowed their heads in prayer."

"Tell me about that;" interrupted Georgie. "That's what I want to know about. I never heard a church prayer. Tell me about the prayer."

His little hands were laid entreatingly on hers, as, leaning forward eagerly, he turned his face toward her. A slight flush came into Margaret's cheek, but she answered quietly: —

"Then we must all close our eyes and listen with our hearts as people do when they pray."

Instinctively Lena and I bowed our heads and closed our eyes, and then in soft, gentle tones Margaret began, at first as if it were an effort to speak thus from the depths of her heart: —

"Oh, Lord, God — our Heavenly Father — help us to realize that Thou art with us — here — and now, that Thou art with us at all times and in all places. Help us to feel *how*

much Thou lovest us — help us to love Thee in return and to show our love for Thee by striving to live each day as Thou wouldst have us live — with Christ. Amen."

Lifting her head, she quietly went on with the story as if nothing had happened, but I noticed that the slight flush on her cheek had deepened into two red spots. She afterwards told me that her heart stood still as she realized into what the story had led, for she knew the next few words would bring to the children either that great consciousness of the Divine presence (the most important knowledge which can come into the life of man), or else convey to them a mere external ceremony of words.

After this, fearing that she might mar the sense of reverence which it had produced, she refused to play again the game of the church, promising the children that they should some day go to a real church and hear the real church bells ring, and see the grown-up people and children assembled together to pray. It was several months before we were able to put this promise into execution, but the impression that the game had made showed itself in Georgie's frequent exclamations of, "Some day we're goin' to hear the real church bells ring and go to a real church!"

I noticed after this that the children never failed to see the church which is so suggestively presented in the background of so many of the pictures of the "Mother-Play-Book." Thus had Margaret begun to bring to them that institution of the world which crowns and makes possible all other institutional life of mankind, bringing it to them not as a formal intellectual fact but as a living, inner, heart's necessity. She had built a real church here upon these foothills! Surely "Where love is, God is!"

Chapter XIII.

CHRISTMAS TIME.

A memory which will always remain with me comes up as I approach the end of these chronicles. And although it did not arise from any one picture or song of the "Mother-Play-Book," it was caused by the Kindergarten study which had become part of our inmost life.

The long dry season was over. Half a dozen rains had refreshed the land and caused it to blossom like a garden. It was hard to realize, midst the roses and lilies, tender green foliage and fragrant orange blossoms, rippling streams and songs of mocking birds, that Christmas was approaching; our northern minds had always associated the season with sleigh bells and ice and snow, and yet it was amidst just such semi-tropical surroundings as these, that in the far away Palestine was born the Babe, the celebration of whose returning birthday each year fills all Christendom with the spirit of self-sacrifice, love, and joy, and binds, as does no other festal day, a multitude of the human race into one common brotherhood.

Margaret and I decided that whatever else we did or did not do, during the remainder of our sojourn among the hills, the children should have a *real Christmas*. In order that we might make it an inner Christmas as well as an outer one, we began at the approach of Advent to show them how to make Christmas presents. It took no small amount of patience to pin down to definite work, which must be neatly and daintily done, the two little mortals who had lived almost as free from tasks as the lilies of the field. However, we both realized that the children must make a real effort to give genuinely to others something which they themselves had made, if they were to have the real joy which ought to come with the receiving of presents.

Far too often children accept Christmas presents as so many added, material possessions, not as expressions of love and service from others. We had both long ago learned that only he who gives can truly, spiritually receive, and that a gift without this comprehension of its inner meaning is no gift at all, but merely something gained which oftentimes awakens greed and selfishness.

Therefore, by dint of raising up visions of *how surprised* gross-mutter would be when

Christmas morning came and she received two presents made by four little hands she loved, by enacting in dramatic detail the astonishment which their father would show when he too should receive a present made by them, we succeeded in awakening in them sufficient ambition to attempt what was to both of them a disagreeable task. They had been willing enough to draw, cut, fold, mold, or paste anything which would serve as an illustration of a story in which they were interested, or which would revivify some pleasant personal experience; but to sit down and deliberately draw, or paint, or sew an object for somebody else, with the thought of making it pleasant to that person rather than to themselves, was a new idea.

First one and then the other of us would occasionally sew a flower upon a picture-frame when the little untrained fingers grew too tired; or we would adroitly exchange work, letting them bring in a pail of water from the spring while we put a strip or two in a gay gold and scarlet mat which was to be worked over into a Christmas present, thus bringing the end of the little task somewhat nearer. Occasionally, of course, a story would be told of some loving little child about whom even

the fairies sang, because he or she worked hard to make Christmas gifts for loved ones. Sometimes, Margaret would exclaim: —

"What do you suppose *the knights* would say if they should come riding up the road and see two dear children working away as hard as they could on their Christmas presents?"

The first two presents, for gross-mutter and father, their two nearest relatives, were finished and daintily folded away in colored tissue paper, when Margaret had a whispered conversation with them and suggested that they should surprise me also with a Christmas present, and I, on a like occasion, proposed to them that they should surprise her with something at Christmas time. Then followed days of whispered talk; of sudden hiding of work, or of gleeful shouting: "Go away! You mustn't come here now!"

Often there would be delighted covering up of the hands and lap at my approach, or at that of Margaret — scenes so common in the homes of kindergarten-trained children, but so delightfully new to these little Arabs of the desert who had never, in all their short lives before, felt the dignity of individual, personal possessions which they could give away.

Our presents finished and mysteriously laid away, the next step was to lead to the thought of making presents for our next neighbor and his good wife, whose ranch was about half a mile away. This, of course, soon led on to the idea of having a Christmas present ready for *everybody*. There were only about five families in all on the foothills, but they constituted *everybody* to the children, whose world, dear souls, was bounded by the horizon, which had its center in their own home; saving, of course, that boundless world into which Margaret and I had introduced them through pictures and stories, where lived the mighty kings and queens, giants and genii, fairies and princesses, prophets and priests, and above all, *the knights*. This latter world of the imagination was such a grand world that it did not need presents.

Soon the two happy little hearts were overflowing with the true Christmas love; and the presents made by their own hands "for *everybody*" were laid out upon my bed and examined and exclaimed over. Each of these was again folded up in a bright piece of tissue paper and tied with a bit of narrow, daintily-colored ribbon and labeled with the name of the person to whom it was to be given.

All these long, busy days were so full of Christmas talks and songs and stories that they even yet bring back to me the feeling of having lived them in the midst of a great musical festival.

We had frequent occasion to cross the ranches belonging to our different neighbors, in our daily tramps over the foothills and often met the men at their work or stopped to chat for a moment with the women in their doorways. At such times, Georgie would look up with a laughing face and sparkling eyes and say: —

"We've got somefin' for you for Christmas, but you mustn't know what it is."

And then, if the inquisitive neighbor would question, he would dance about and clap his hands, and shake his little head, saying: —

"No, no, no! Wait until Christmas comes, and then you shall see it; but we made it all ourselves."

"'Cept what *they* did to help us," the more conscientious Lena would add, as she pointed to Margaret or me.

We had found, as is not uncommon in sparsely settled districts, where there must necessarily be a struggle for a livelihood, that life among our neighbors had somewhat narrowed itself down to the material standpoint

and consequently, as always happens when this is the case, various frictions had occurred among them, leaving them not always in quite the neighborly attitude toward each other. But no one was able to resist the children's joyful overflowing Christmas love.

In a short time it was settled among us all that the Christmas celebration should take place at Georgie's and Lena's home and that all the neighbors should be present on Christmas Eve to see the lighting of the Christmas tree, which Margaret and I had decided was to be as gorgeous as our limited resources could make it.

In a little while first one and then another neighbor volunteered to help decorate the house; one offering to saw off and bring to us branches from an unusually beautiful pepper tree; another volunteered his services in going to town for anything we might need, and a good housewife recalled the days when she was young and asked if we would like to have her make some gingerbread boys and girls and animals to hang on the tree, and so on. Before long the children's spirit of enthusiasm and love for others had spread throughout our small foothill world, and everywhere we went we were greeted

with smiles, significant nods and occasional whispered conversations.

A few days before Christmas came, one of our foothill neighbors stopped us on the road to suggest that he should go down, on Christmas Eve, to the Mesa below and bring up two little English children whose home had been saddened by the death, a few weeks before, of their father, and whose mother, being a stranger in California, had no friends to whom to go. Thus was the Christmas spirit overflowing the foothills and spreading on to the farther districts. Then some one else thought of a man and his wife and young baby who lived about six miles up the cañon and they too were invited. All small grudges were forgotten and seemingly swallowed up in the coming festivities.

The contagion of love is as great as the contagion of disease or crime. Each time we finished a bit of trimming for the tree, which was yet to be selected, it had now to be taken down to be shown to Mrs. Middlin. As we passed the old wood-chopper he would make some light, laughing remark, and we occasionally stopped at his side to sing to him a new Christmas song which the children had just learned. He would at such times lay down

his ax, and his wrinkled old face would become bright with the light of his far-away youth, as he looked down into the children's happy, eager eyes; and he usually sent us on our way with some such remark as, "Well, them children air great ones," or else it would be, "Children will be children. I used to be that way myself." The half-invalid woman, whom pain had made fretful and nervous, and who had been in the habit of declaring that all children were a nuisance and ought to be kept in their own homes, could not resist Georgie's roguish shout, "I got somefin' for you Christmas! You must be sure to come up to see the Christmas tree." On the eventful day she actually did come with all the rest and brought with her some home-made candy such as she used to make when she was a girl some forty odd years before.

This drawing together round the Christmas thought, each and every one making an effort to add something to the joy of the occasion, proved what every true lover of humanity believes, that deep down in each human heart is love and a desire to be loved, is joy in seeing others happy, and the greater joy of serving others.

In return for this unexpected volunteer ad-

dition to our plans for the children, Margaret and I contrived some trifle or joke for each man member of the community. To one it was a bundle of toothpicks done up in fancy tissue paper. To another it was a Mexican tamale. To a young fellow who worked on one of the ranches it was a candy sweetheart. For each of the women we made some trifle in the way of needle-book, iron-holder, or the like, as we wanted the children to have the pleasure of seeing their elders go up to the tree and receive gifts as well as themselves.

Three days before the Christmas Eve party the two children and their father, Margaret and I, went up the cañon to let the children select a small fir tree for the Christmas tree. As we came triumphantly driving through a neighbor's ranch on our way home with the little tree in the back of the wagon, the children shouted out with great glee: "Come out! Come out! and see the tree! See the tree! Here it is! Here it is! The really, really Christmas tree!" And out came both gray-haired old neighbors, almost as much pleased as the children.

The tree was fastened between two boards, and then with great ceremony we marched in a procession into the little best room which

their grandmother usually kept shut and unused, and placed it upon the table in the center of the room. Then began the exciting, and, to the children, most charming work of decorating it with strings of popcorn and cranberries; and fancy chains made with the scarlet and blue, gilt and silver paper which loving hearts in the far away Chicago had sent, helped make gorgeous our little tree. Some fancy pink and pale blue papers which had come from the drug store had been carefully saved for the occasion. On to these we pasted narrow strips of the gold and silver paper, and "Chinese lanterns" were made, much to the delight of the children. Each afternoon we decorated the tree with the work which had been done in the morning and then danced around it and sang songs to it and told it stories about other little Christmas trees which had made other little children happy.

One day Georgie improvised a song and like the poet of old danced in rhythm to the melody which he himself created to the tune of "Heigh-ho, the way we go." The words were as follows: —

"Miss Marget and I
We wish we could fly,
Heigh-ho, heigh-ho, under the Christmas tree."

"We sing now for joy
The girl and the boy
Heigh-ho, heigh-ho, under the Christmas tree."

He had undoubtedly caught the rhythm and perhaps the refrain from some verses which Margaret had written about our mountain home and whose refrain was, "Heigh-ho, heigh-ho, under the greenwood tree." But I was much pleased to see his original application of the idea, and his feeling of the fitness of the festival occasion for improvised verse. It seemed to bubble out of the fullness of his joy just as many a refrain and love song of old was born on festival occasions; so close is the child akin to the child race.

Some time before this Margaret had brought from her mysterious trunk a small and very beautiful copy of the Mother and Child which forms the center of Corregio's great picture, "The Holy Night," and Lena had sewed a round picture frame, designed by Margaret, with a gold star on the upper corner and a modest little violet on the lower, symbolic, it seemed to me, of the exaltation and humility which that picture so marvelously portrays. It was to be a joint gift from Margaret and Lena to the dear old gross-mutter. The children had both sat and studied the two beauti-

ful faces, so luminous with light; and Margaret had explained to them that the light came from the dear baby's face and shone into that of the mother because this dear little Christ Child had just come from God and the mother knew it.

"That is what makes her so happy," said Georgie, and Margaret answered: "Yes, that is what makes every good mother happy when she looks into her baby's face," and Georgie had accepted this somewhat broad interpretation of the picture with one of his significant nods. So far as we could ascertain, the children had as yet no training whatever in Biblical lore and our plan had been that we would speak only in general terms of the Bible story of Christmas until after they had experienced the love and joy of service and giving. Then we would tell them why not only their little world but the whole great big world of Christendom celebrated the day with such joy. But suddenly one evening, as we were returning from our hilltop scramble, Lena said, "Grossmutter knows all about the dear little Christ Child and she says the angels knew that He was coming."

"Let's sit down here by this rock," said Georgie, "and then you can tell us all about

it." He had implicit faith that Margaret could tell him all about anything he wished to know, so he never hesitated to make the demand.

We sat down on the ground, with sky above us radiant and glowing in sunset's splendor, and Margaret told, as I had never heard it told before, of the watching of the shepherds and of the coming of the angels, and when she came to the part, "and as the shepherds raised their bodies up from the ground and listened and listened, the far away music came nearer and nearer and then they saw that the music was the singing of countless numbers of beautiful angels and that the bright light which had slowly spread over the whole heavens came from the beauty of their faces; the whole sky seemed full of them, and they were all singing joyfully the first Christmas song that was ever heard on earth," Georgie rose from his half-reclining position and coming close to Margaret placed his hands upon her shoulder and said eagerly: "Sing it! Sing it! Sing it just as the angels sang it!"

She afterwards told me that she would have given five years of her life to have had Patti's voice for just that one hour. She quietly replied: —

"I cannot sing it, Georgie, as the angels

sang it. No one on earth can sing it as the angels sang it on that first glad Christmas night, but we can know what they meant to tell the shepherds."

He turned his face away from her with a look of disappointment and his eyes wandered far over the hills to the glowing sky, then quickly turning toward us, he said —

"Maybe the Christmas angels will come now. Let us listen and see if we can hear them."

Then we listened silently until the light begun to fade out of the evening sky, and Margaret said: —

"I can tell you what the words were which the angels sang, and perhaps we can feel their song down in our hearts."

And then slowly and reverently she repeated the old, yet ever new, message to mankind: "Glory to God in the highest. Peace on earth, good will to men!" And gently added, by way of explanation, that good will to men meant that we were all brothers and sisters in God's sight, and that this was one of the great things which the dear Christ Child came to teach us. "And this," she added, "is why we celebrate His birthday by making gifts for 'everybody.'" Both children nodded assent

in a matter-of-course way. They, dear little hearts, did not yet know the schisms and discords that sometimes separate brothers and sisters, and to them it was a matter of course, that men should accept the angelic message.

As we walked home, Georgie skipping and dancing along in front, sang, "I love everybody! I love everybody! I am so happy! I am so happy! I love everybody!"

"So do I, Georgie," said Margaret earnestly; and I think for the time being, at least, all of us felt the true Christmas spirit. That motto from Froebel's Mother-Play-Songs came into my mind with a new meaning: —

"Would'st thou unite the child for aye with them,
Then let him with the highest One by union see
By every noble thought thy heart is fired,
The young child's soul will surely be inspired.
And thou can'st no better gift bestow,
Than union with the Eternal One to know."

We quickened our steps as we neared home and all four of us sang softly —

"In another land and clime,
Long ago and far away."

The morning of Christmas Eve brought to us our friend, Mrs. Brown, who had a Kindergarten in a neighboring town. Her contribution to the festive occasion was a box of fifty small wax candles and we proceeded at once to add the final touches for the evening entertainment. A frieze had already been made around the walls of the room with branches of the pepper tree whose feathery green leaves and coral-colored branches of berries made a beautiful decoration. Large bunches of the dark green eucalyptus had been sawed off and so arranged that they made frames of the green around the two windows whose white curtains the good gross-mutter had washed and ironed the day before. In the center of the room was the Christmas tree on which hung the treasures worked by little hands. The red, green, and yellow candles were fastened in the safer parts of the horizontal branches; others were placed around the table on candlesticks made of ripe oranges; and a row of these golden candlesticks was also placed upon the edge of a wooden shelf which had held the gross-mutter's German Bible. The ugly woolen cover of the shelf was entirely concealed by soft green ferns. A pound or two of candy had been purchased by the father

and this the dear old grandmother, with trembling but eager hands, showed us how to tie up with strings of worsted and fasten to the tree, "just as they used to do in the faterland," she explained to the children. Her joy over the whole affair was, if anything, greater than that of the little ones. She insisted that Mrs. Brown, Margaret, and I, should be her guests at the noonday dinner; and her appreciation of our work was shown by the killing of the fatted goose, and by boiling, and baking, and stewing, in true German fashion, about three times the quantity of food which we could possible consume. During the getting ready of this dinner she bustled in and out of the little parlor, sometimes throwing her arms around the children and exclaiming, "Oh, Chorgie! Chorgie! Dis is just like a Christmas in the old country! Just tink of it! Just tink of it! Mine kinder are to have a German Christmas! A real German Christmas!" Then, as if fearing that her emotions should be taken for weakness, she buffeted them severely with her hand and pushed them to one side with the words, "Keep out of de way! Don't talk so much! You are little nuisances anyhow!" but with so much love in the tone that the rebuking words were

unheeded. Again she would come into the room and stand with her hands resting upon her hips and gaze silently, with unspeakable satisfaction, at the busy scene before her.

In making our plans for the evening, Margaret turned and said in a tone of quiet respect: "Faru Zorn, we will, of course, expect you to stand with the children and us, and receive the guests. It is your party, you know, as well as the children's. We are merely helping to get it ready."

"Oh, mein dear! Mein dear!" exclaimed the old lady, evidently much pleased with the unexpected prominence which was to be given to her. Without further words she bustled out of the room and in about a half hour called to Margaret and me to come up into the little attic above. There we found her on her knees before an old horsehair trunk out of which she had taken a black and gray striped silk gown of the fashion of about twenty years before; also a soft white silk neck handkerchief. In an embarrassed tone, looking half ashamed, half proud, she said: "I had laid dem away for my burying clothes but I can wear dem to-night, if you tink it best."

"Certainly," exclaimed Margaret, "that dress is just the thing, and the pretty white

handkerchief will make you look young again. I am so glad you have them. I will come in time to arrange your hair and I have a wee bit of a lace handkerchief which I know how to fix into a cap, just such as my own grandmother used to wear, and you will be the handsomest part of the whole Christmas entertainment.'' Then she added in great glee: —

'' Don't let the children see the dress until after you put it on. It will be such a lovely surprise for them.''

The old woman's face showed how keen this simple pleasure was to her as she softly patted the dress, straightening here and there a bit of its old-fashioned trimming, and then laid it gently into the trunk until the appointed hour should come.

The morning work was at last ended, including our most conscientious endeavors to do justice to the elaborate dinner. We locked the door of the little parlor, fearing that the temptation to meddle with the wax candles might be too great to be resisted. Handing the key to Frau Zorn and giving our '' Christmas kiss '' to each of the children, somewhat tired, we went back to our little cabin to rest until the evening. We had promised to come early so as to be there before the first guests

should arrive, and just before starting out on our return, Margaret quietly gathered a basketful of beautiful La France roses which were blossoming in bewildering profusion near our doorstep.

"What are you going to do with those?" I asked. "Make every man and woman who comes to-night, feel that he or she is in true festival attire," she answered, smiling. And sure enough as each guest came in, Lena, by Margaret's instructions, asked the privilege of pinning a Christmas rose upon the man's coat and the woman's dress. The smile with which the unaccustomed decoration was accepted showed the wisdom of Margaret's plan. An added festivity came over the scene and each individual felt himself or herself duly decorated for the occasion.

When the man from the cañon beyond arrived with his wife and the little three-months-old baby, Georgie's face was a study worthy of Raphael's brush; confusion, surprise, pleasure, joy were all commingled, as looking up to Margaret he exclaimed, "Why, Miss Marg't! We are going to have a *real, truly baby* at our Christmas time!" Then, lowering his voice, "Perhaps it will be like the Christ baby and we can see the light shining from it just as the shepherds saw it."

The guests had been invited into the little dining room which was the usual sitting room of the family and the parlor was kept closed. At a signal from Margaret, the father of the two children walked forward and throwing the door open, invited the guests to walk in. It was lighted entirely by the wax candles, which gave that peculiar, mellow light suggestive of silent and reverent feeling that the Roman Catholic Church has been wise enough to seize upon and make use of.

The hilarious laughter and somewhat awkward jokes which had been going on ceased for the time being. When all were seated on the benches and the improvised seats which had been brought in, Margaret and the children sang two or three Christmas songs. Then, as a surprise to the rest of us, they clustered around the dear old gross-mutter and the four, bowing, joined in a German hymn of praise and thanksgiving. This was intended as a surprise to the father and to me, and was indeed a surprise to all of us, as none of the neighbors had ever heard the dear old woman sing.

Then came the distribution of presents, and the laughter and jokes and fun such as happy hearts improvise and enjoy. One

neighbor had brought an old-fashioned hat box labeled "For Lena and Georgie." When opened, out sprang two frisky little kittens that, in a frightened fashion, scampered away under the protecting skirts of some of the women but were soon captured and caressed with delight by the little owners. The same thoughtful neighbor had brought two little chickens for the little English children from the mesa below. They were less lively but were tenderly cared for by the children.

Finally when all the presents had been distributed, including part of the fruit and candy, two of the men laughingly disappeared from the room and on their return brought between them a huge California pumpkin, which measured five and one half feet around its circumference. This had previously been prepared into what they called a "Christmas box," the top had been cut smoothly off and into it had been fastened the handle of a bucket. The lower part had been hollowed out, washed and dried; the pumpkin seemed almost large enough to have served as a carriage for Cinderilla. It was placed at Margaret's feet and the top lifted off amidst shouts of laughter and the clapping of hands. Each guest present had stored away in it some

loving little gift, of no value whatever so far as the world considers value, but rich indeed to one who prizes a gift according to the loving thought which it shows. One woman had pasted upon several sheets of writing paper some rare ferns and mosses which she had brought from the mountains of New Mexico years before, and had sewed them together in the form of a book. Another had embroidered Margaret's initials upon a Chinese silk scarf which had been one of her treasures in the days of greater prosperity. Another had rounded off and polished a pin-cushion of Yoca wood sawed from a stalk in the higher mountain districts. The fourth had made her a shell box, of shells gathered on some past trip to the Cataline islands. A fifth had heard her express a desire to make a collection of the different kinds of wood which grew in the neighborhood and had brought carefully sawed and neatly polished specimens of a half dozen varieties, and so on; each showing that her taste had been remembered, some wish expressed at an odd moment had been recalled, or some pleasant surprise anticipated.

Margaret's eyes filled with tears as one by one she unfolded these gifts of love, then, realizing that such a time as the present

needed more joy than anything else, she laughingly brushed away the unshed tears and proposed that they should all enter into some games together. This was heartily agreed to by the others and the evening ended in almost a romp. Hands were shaken, good-byes were said, the last joke uttered, and wagon and gig and buggy drove away.

Margaret, Mrs. Brown, and I remained to help put the children to bed and somewhat straighten up the little house. Then bidding the happy-faced old woman "Good-bye" we started out, alone, for a quiet walk across the hill, under the Christmas stars. As we prepared for bed Margaret exclaimed, "What a happy, happy day we have had!" I looked into her radiant face and said softly to myself: "*Blessed be motherhood, even if it must be the mothering of other women's children!*"

APPENDIX.

THE SCIENCE OF MOTHERHOOD.

An Address delivered before the First Convocation of Mothers held in Chicago, September 26, 1894.

Froebel states that the mother's maternal instinct would guide her as unerringly as does the maternal instinct in lower orders of creation were she not hindered by custom, prejudice, or error.

Which one among you has not at some time "felt like doing" something for your child but have been deterred from the same by the thought, "Nobody else does it?" *Custom* has prevented you from instinctively doing the right thing. Oftentimes, traditionary customs are like great mummy cloths binding and fettering each one of us. Realizing how freedom and growth are thus suppressed one does not wonder at Rousseau's protest against the established state of things.

With the release from fear of doing that which is not customary, comes, however, the danger of setting up individual judgment against the accumulated judgment of the race. This must, of course, be guarded against.

Still there are so many foolish and unwholesome customs observed in the training of children that it is always well when the "mother instinct" rebels, to stop and ask the question: "Will this violation of

the established custom really help my child, or is it a mood of my own that makes me rebel?" One's conduct may be safely governed by the *inner* answer to this question regardless of what the outside world will say.

When one asks why a little girl in the city is not allowed as much out-of-door play as a little boy, the answer usually is, "It is not customary." When the waist measure of a boy and a girl is the same at six years of age and that of the boy is twice the size of the girl's at sixteen, one's question as to why this must be, is again answered by the words: "It is customary to put girls into corsets."

A friend of mine who was much interested in a training school which fitted young women for city missionary work, went to a man of wealth to ask his help in securing seventy-five feet of additional land for the building of a gymnasium in connection with the school. "I can see no need of it, madam, not the least," was his reply. "And yet," said she, "you have contributed, I believe, towards the fund for the purpose of enlarging the campus of a new college." "Certainly, madam," he answered. "Will you tell me," said she quietly, "why it is considered necessary for young men to have a large out-of-doors exercise-ground, and it is not considered necessary for girls to have even a seventy-five foot gymnasium?" The only reply which he could make was: "It is customary to have a campus in connection with all colleges for boys."

Think about these things and you will find that much of the wide difference between the training of boys and girls has no rational basis, but is simply the result of custom or tradition. Not that the sphere of man and woman are the same; they are far different, but each should have the same opportunity to prepare for his or her work in life. Therefore do not hesitate to lay aside any custom which has no rational basis, and thereby free yourself from one of the chains which bind you, and prevent your doing for your child all that lies in your power.

Prejudice is the next obstacle which stands in the way. Dante in his marvelous vision of the world-order as given us in the *Divine Comedy* places the bigoted, biased souls, who are wedded to one opinion and will not listen to the arguments of reason, or the dictates of common sense, in rough hewn graves, or sepulchers. Over each grave is a stone lid or cover which the wretched soul pulls down upon himself and thus literally buries himself alive. If he chances to lift the lid for even a breath of fresh air, and a footstep approaches, or a voice is heard, down goes the lid. One does not need to descend into the Inferno to meet such people. Are they not about us on every side? Have you not often heard the prejudiced person refuse to investigate any new idea? Take for example this subject, of the psychological study of child nature. He or she will exclaim, "How absurd to talk of bringing up children by rule," or, "Nobody can

teach *me* about *my* children," or, perhaps, the argument will be "The world was well enough before this new-fangled notion came into it, how did our fathers and grandfathers get along without kindergartens?" And so they shut the rocky lids of their self-made tombs upon themselves and remain in darkness, utterly ignoring that wise exhortation of St. Paul's, "Prove all things, hold fast that which is good."

One of the best definitions of old age which I have ever heard was given in these words: "A man or a woman begins to grow old as soon as he or she refuses to take under consideration an opinion which is at variance with one which has been already accepted."

The greatest barrier, however, which stands in the way of the mother being guided by her natural instinct is "*error*" or a false conception of the nature of the little being intrusted to her. More injury has been done to children by the wrong conception of them than by both custom and prejudice put together. Let your child feel that you do not *understand* him and not only do the doors of his inner nature close against you, but from his attitude towards you usually comes his attitude towards others, and he becomes one of those sad, shut-in natures. The child who, on the street car or in any public place turns for a look of sympathy to the nearest person, expecting him to share in the wonder or delight of each new experience, shows that there has been constant communication between

his inner world and that of someone else, usually his mother.

There are three ways of looking upon child nature; the first is that all children are wholly bad; the second is that all children come into the world with an entirely good nature; the third, the one held by Froebel, is that inborn in each child is the Divine germ which can be quickened by being trained upward, or can be marred and debased by being trained downward; that the manifestations of the instincts which are common to the whole race, are God's indications to us of how we are to become co-workers with Him in the upbuilding of His image in humanity, for which, the scriptures tell us, man was created. We can prepare the young soul for the Divine Grace which is ever ready to pour into it, or by our misunderstanding of our part, we can help to form the incrustation which will require almost a spiritual earthquake before it can be shaken off.

The claims of the kindergarten to be called a definite science are threefold. First, it includes the study of the *instincts* which are common to child-nature; such as the spontaneous self-activity expressed by the restlessness of all children who are in the normal condition; the instinctive desire of each to be self-reliant and have his own individuality recognized, which is shown by every child long before it is granted by the average parent; the instinctive rationality which is exhibited by the questions asked by unspoiled children and the general amen-

ability of the child to whom the logical reason for a command has usually been given; the spontaneous imitation which all children manifest in their play by means of which they instinctively put themselves into sympathy with the activities and occupations about them; the instinctive satisfaction which a child indicates when he realizes that principle and not impulse is governing him; that quick, generous appreciation of the interdependence of mankind in the world of labor; the instinctive sympathy so quickly aroused in most children; the quick response which an appeal to participation makes in a child; the instinct of freedom,— the highest perhaps of all the instincts, which develop the individual side of character; the instinctive love of family; the instinctive respect for skill; the instinctive admiration of power; the instinctive reverence for the sublime; the restless desire to establish personal relationship with all the rest of the universe; the delight in retrospection; the desire for approval; the dread of censure from those he loves; the appreciation of deep truths when presented in symbolic form. All these and many other instincts of child-nature must be studied and understood if we would develop the little being aright.

These universal instincts should be in no way confounded with individual and personal caprices, whims, or the effect of environment, or inheritance. They are the characteristics common to *all* children of *all* nations and *all* times. They are based upon deep psychological laws, and, when rightly under-

stood and developed, are intended to produce that nobility and strength of character which in one sense of the word, may well be called the God-image.

To the student who has gained this insight into human nature there is perhaps no study more interesting, in detail, than this same study of the instincts of childhood. It is far more delightful than the reading of the most entertaining novels, although they may contain some brilliant author's analysis of character. This is a study of character at first hand. We grow absorbingly interested; we watch, we laugh, sometimes we almost cry as the hungry needs of the child's soul open out before us, and a morning thus spent with little children leaves one always nearer to the heart of humanity. The work becomes fascinating, and proves daily the genuineness of its claim to be called a scientific study of human nature.

A second, and perhaps more important part of this study, to which Froebel has called us, is that which includes the right understanding of the *relationships* of life, in order that the child may be wholesomely and thoroughly prepared to enter into them. It is important that each little child intrusted to our care should be prepared and developed as an individual being to understand his individual needs and rights, to know, when as a distinct and separate being, he is developing or warping his own character. Just as truly must he understand also that he is a part of a family life, and what

his privileges and duties in this relationship are. Much of the selfishness which we see about us arises from the misapprehension or noncomprehension of the necessary conditions for harmonious home and family life.

Each child becomes, or should become, in time a factor of the trade or civic world. As education advances the sense of obligation, to be of use in some capacity in the bread-winning world, becomes more and more manifest, and the day will come when the human being who adds naught to the sum total of human wealth from which he necessarily draws his maintenance, will be looked upon with contempt. It cannot be too often repeated that much of the clashing which now exists between capital and labor will be done away with when the relationships of the trade world are rightly understood and truly respected.

Each child who is to become a citizen of a great nation should be early trained into a respect for that nation's laws and authority, and his responsibility as a factor in the making and maintaining of the same. We need scarcely speak of the mighty change which would be produced in the political world were this relationship sacredly lived up to. Highest and most universal of all the relationships of men, is that universal brotherhood with the rest of mankind arising from a deep and sacred realization of the Fatherhood of God. This is the truest and highest phase of church life, and yet it seems to be but faintly understood although so distinctly

and emphatically declared eighteen hundred years ago. The Fatherhood of God cannot be comprehended aright until the Brotherhood of Mankind is vitally and practically realized.

One approaches this phase of the kindergarten study with a sense of deep and earnest humility, which may be likened somewhat to the effect produced by the thoughtful study of the best essays, the grandest sermons and the finest parts of general literature, only it is taking the study of the world at first hand instead of through some author's mind. One feels oneself growing more serious as the thought becomes more dignified. The study is more difficult and requires more concentration of thought, more intense searching within, more strong, determined exercise of will-power, as the insight gained from it begins to influence our own lives.

It is perhaps less entertaining than the study of the instincts of childhood, but it is more ennobling in that it is a study of the whole life of man with his fellow-men, of his conquests and triumphs, of his defeats and victories. It includes not only the every-day life of the child in the home and the kindergarten, but the institutional life of the world, upon which is based all law and ethics. It leads into the eager, comprehensive study of political economy, and of social science and of all things that affect man in his relationship to the rest of humanity. If we would train the child aright we must prepare him little by little to enter into this institutional world with high ideals and a true ap-

preciation of the duties as well as the privileges which arise from living in a civilized community.

Last and deepest comes the study of the development of the human race. It is an educational axiom upon which the true comprehension of the child's development is based, that, "As develops the race so develops the child." Froebel says: "In the development of the individual man the history of the spiritual development of the human race is repeated, and the race in its totality may be viewed as one human being in whom there will be found the necessary steps in the development of the individual man." In this study we seem to take up some half-obliterated "Vedda" of the past, something which we feel is sacred, yet which can be but dimly grasped. We seem to be approaching the great handwriting of God Himself. We are trying to "think His thoughts after Him." As He saw fit to develop humanity throughout the centuries of time, so we must strive to develop the child of humanity during the few years of childhood. We seem to be slowly and blunderingly reading the message of the Divine through uncounted ages, written upon the tablets composed of the lives of whole nations. Not individuals are now our study, not even nations, but whole races of people. With only the most earnest consecration of all our powers can we hope to decipher the words of this great volume, made dim because of their very vastness, but when once read there comes to us not the feeling of having been highly entertained, or of having

gained worthy instruction, or of having partially mastered the perplexing problems of the day, but flashes of insight in which we feel that we have had revealed to us, for the moment at least, the Creator at His work!

Let us stop to consider more in detail the study of this race development. If we look back through the vista of time or abroad over the canvas of space, we see the same steps of development. The first records show to us man as a savage being, caring only for the gratification of his physical appetites and passions. In time we find these savages banding themselves together into tribes, fighting for and defending members of their own tribe, though destroying without mercy members of an adjoining tribe. Here the spirit of man is beginning to transcend its own narrow existence and to enter into the spiritual life of its nearest companions. We watch the unrolling of the grand panorama through the centuries of slow revolving time as tribes begin to accumulate flocks and herds, precious merchandise, and household goods. This again is a spiritual development in that it shows the conquest of man over the world of nature. Mind is becoming the master over material things. Soon these tribes begin the nomadic wandering from place to place, settling temporarily in spots best fitted for their herds and flocks, or for the increased accumulation of merchandise — though this alone is not the only cause for the wandering. The spirit, being spirit, must expand, grow, extend its conquests. So we

see here an inner necessity prompting the race forward as well as an outer desire for more or better possessions. By and by these wanderers settle down to permanent locations and defend their right to certain spots even by the sacrifice of their lives. As tribe after tribe thus becomes stationary, laws of interchange and commerce are established and the ethical world begins to dawn upon mankind. Here again we must see the spiritual significance of the race development. The mind of man having gained new powers must by its very nature, begin to use them. Interchange of thoughts and ideals of conduct, out of which grow these ethical laws, are as compelling as are the necessities of the commercial world. The two grow side by side.

When rightly understood, each child is seen clearly to pass through all these stages of development. First, the young infant, dearly as he may be loved by fond and adoring parents, is in reality a little savage, crying when he is physically uncomfortable, peaceful and happy when his creature wants have been attended to. Soon he begins to smile back into his mother's face, to reach out his arms for his father, to turn with delighted recognition to his nurse, and oftentimes to cry and resist if taken by a stranger, and we know by these indications that the tribal life has begun, that is, his spiritual nature has awakened sufficiently to recognize, in a dim way, the inner life of another. His first smile is the dawn of his social instinct. Ignorance of the true meaning of this stage of the

child's development has caused many a mother to weaken her child's affections by forcing him to pass too rapidly through this period, or to narrow and intensify them too much by letting him remain too long in the tribal condition.

What mother is there who cannot testify to the nomadic period of her child's growth? When the chair must be placed across the top of the staircase to prevent abrupt and unpremeditated descent; where an extra hook must be placed upon the gate to prevent willful and dangerous wandering off. The mother who rightly understands these manifestations will turn to the vast volume of humanity and gain from it the lines of conduct to be pursued. It is only when the flocks and herds became too numerous to be driven from place to place, or the possessions became too valuable to be risked in long journeys, that the race began to settle itself in definite and prescribed locations. Let the mother increase the child's love for and care of his possessions as well as a delight in using them in new and creative ways, and she puts an end to this troublesome though all-important nomadic period.

One summer I visited a friend whose country home was upon the shore of a beautiful lake. Soon after my arrival the anxious young mother said: "I do not know what I shall do with my little two-year-old Alice, she is constantly running off and going down to the lake shore. I live in daily dread of her being drowned."

"Do you not know," replied I, laughingly,

" how to develop this nomadic instinct into a higher phase of life? Locate her with her possessions in some particular spot away from the lake. Let her have her own individual place and we shall see what will be the result." The next day a load of sand was brought and emptied in the rear of the house under the protecting shade of a great oak tree. Little Alice with her bucket and shovel, her rocking chair and doll, was duly escorted to the spot by the entire family, much enthusiasm was manifested over " Alice's sandpile " and with deliberate ceremony we each asked permission to sit down beside her and to help her arrange and rearrange her toys. The desire merely to conquer and possess was thus changed into the pleasure of using those possessions according to her own ideas. Her spiritual growth was thereby assisted in its manifestations. She was delighted with this new dignity and sense of possession of a location all her own. Day after day she played in this safe and secluded spot with little or no thought of the fascinating but dangerous lake which lay near by though out of sight. By this simple process she had developed out of the nomadic into the village and town condition.

And now comes perhaps the most critical period of growth in the child's life, when with the increasing sense of possession, both of materials and of space, arises the instinct of ethical right or the sense of justice. When your little boy calls to you indignantly, " Mamma, sister has my ball and will not

give it to me," or your little girl runs to you with indignant and flashing eyes exclaiming, "Mamma, brother has my chair, make him give it up." Woe betide the mother who understands not these appeals for justice! This is the time when the foundation stones of character are being laid deep down in the very depths of the little being, or else are being lightly and loosely piled together to be displaced by any temptation or hope of personal aggrandizement which the future may offer.

Let your child feel that justice is a thing which is never, under any circumstances, to be violated. Oftentimes the mother's loving tone can change with ease justice into mercy with some such words as, "Yes, my dear, I know the stick is yours, but won't you let little brother play with it just now?" But few children resist such an appeal when rightly made, and in the end it is easier and insures more true harmony in the family life than the hasty words too often uttered, "What if it is yours, you are so selfish! Let your little brother have it!"

Almost every ethical law, which in after life is to develop itself into a strong safeguard against the temptations of appetites and passions, of pride and ambition, of greed and undue personal gain, begins in this early period of the child's life, when the mother is the only court of justice to which he can appeal, and the small affairs of the nursery are the all-important things of his little life.

The results of understanding this parallel between the development of the race and that of the child

are most important. We cannot impress them too emphatically upon our minds: therefore let us turn to other evidences of it. The crude reds, blues, and greens, with which the Indians or other savage tribes decorate themselves, slowly give place to the barbaric splendor of the somewhat more advanced stage of civilization, which in its turn is replaced by the quiet tones of harmonious colors, seen in the homes of refinement and culture. Give to any child of two or three years of age, his choice from a collection of pieces of cloth and as a rule he will seize instantly upon the crudest and most glaring, showing a truly savage delight in their pronounced coloring and striking contrasts. I have known children who have been brought up in artistic homes, and who have seen from their earliest infancy, the most quiet and harmonious tones of color, seize with delight a bright red mat in a kindergarten, and when allowed absolute freedom of choice, select yellow strips to weave into the same. Little by little the child's taste becomes refined in his selection of color, until frequently the little weaver who has had two years of training in the use of color, will have a taste as fastidious and correct as to harmonies of tints and tones, as the most fastidious of modern decorators could desire.

The question often arises in a home of culture as to how far this savage and barbaric instinct of the child's love of gorgeous color, shall be subordinated to the more enlightened taste of the mother.

Childhood needs joy and happiness as much as the flower needs sunshine, and it seeks one phase of this joyousness in cheerful colors. We can give to these little ones strong color, though they need not be gaudy. Plenty of light helps to make even somber colors bright. I have frequently obviated the difference which arose between a child's taste and my own in this matter, by allowing him to choose any color he might fancy, for one part of his mat, while I reserved the privilege of selecting for the other part some color which would harmonize with the one already chosen. This does not suppress the natural love of bright color and at the same time trains the child in harmonious combinations. Almost any color can be made to produce beautiful and harmonious effect, when combined with shades or tints of itself, or with a neutral color which is the after-tone of its tertiary.

This understanding of a child's love for bright color, is not an insignificant matter, as colors have undoubtedly a much greater effect on the emotions of children than we are apt to realize. The little daughter of a friend of mind declared that she could not go to sleep in her mamma's room, in a newly decorated summer home in the country, because she said it was always cold in that room. As the child was not ordinarily a whimsical child, the mother was somewhat puzzled by this seeming caprice, as the room in reality was of the same temperature as the bedroom in which the child was willing to sleep. A more thoughtful study of the

situation caused the mother to observe the fact that the rejected bedroom was covered with a cold blue wall-paper whereas the adjoining room had been painted in a warm, cheerful yellow.

Relating this incident to a friend brought out the fact that this influence of color upon the mind, had been made use of in certain asylums for the insane in Europe, where patients who were suffering from melancholy or depression, were placed in apartments that were bright and cheery as to color, while patients who were suffering from too great excitability were put in rooms of soft, quiet tones.

But to return to the evidences by which any mother may test, for herself, the certainty of the fact that her child is passing through these various stages of development, we have but to consider the crude music of barbarous and semi-barbarous nations, and on turning to the child we find that he is attracted by rhythm before he shows any decided liking for melody, and that a love of harmony comes only at a much later stage of development. Instinctively the mothers of the race have sung their lullabys to rhythmical tunes rather than to harmonious compositions of music. I have often seen little children taken to the matinee of operas and classical concerts, from a desire on the part of their mothers, no doubt, to cultivate their taste for music, but their weary little faces or restless bodies told only too plainly that the feast offered was beyond their power of digestion. What was harmony to older minds was but discords to

their young ears. Sometimes I have wondered if the jarring discord which wearies and oftentimes pains our untrained souls will not be recognized as God's harmonies in a higher stage of development.

Again, in the delight of a savage in ornamentation, we see the childishness of his pleasures, and in a child's delight in fastening strings of beads about himself and the wearing of tawdry and glittering ornaments, we see the savage stage of his development.

The crude drawings with which the early races were satisfied are almost identical with those with which the child delights to reproduce upon the blackboard or sand table, a story which has been told to him. Again we notice strikingly the resemblance in the simplicity of language used by both. Nouns and verbs seem all that is necessary to them for the conveyance of thought. The Indian exclaims, "Me kill!" The child cries out, "See cow!" Little by little the more complex parts of speech come into use, and adverbs and adjectives find their place in growing vocabularies. Most children would learn to communicate their thoughts to others and thus remove the barriers between themselves and the rest of mankind much more readily than they now do, if this needed simplicity of language were understood.

Another important aid which this study of the race development gives to the mother is the realization that all great truths come to the race at first in symbolic, or embodied form, and that abstract state-

ments of truth were not grasped, or vitally realized by the race until a stage of comparatively high development had been reached. This is equally true of the child, and accounts for much of the religious instruction which the conscientious parent, or devoted teacher, pours upon the little one, being unheeded, whereas the same truth expressed in myth or symbol would have been comprehended by the childish mind. Take, as illustration, the truth, which it is well for all children to learn early in life, viz., that the human being who indulges in the mere gratification of his appetites, regardless of the rational ends for which these appetites were given to him, thereby debases and lowers himself. This statement in abstract language passes over the child without leaving the slightest effect save possibly the impression that he has been preached to. Tell the same truth vividly and dramatically of Circe's changing the mariners of Ulysses into swine; tell of the terrible fate which seemed to be theirs, of the brave and courageous struggle of Ulysses for their release, and of their final restoration to human form, and you have impressed the truth upon the little semi-savage mind as no amount of moralization could have done. The Hebrew scriptures give striking illustrations of Jehovah's use of symbols in teaching the childish race his mighty law of righteousness. A pillar of cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night embodied or symbolized the message, "Lo, I am with you alway," to the trembling hearts of the scarcely liberated slaves. Not only

were animals divided into clean and unclean classes, but a certain tribe was set apart to the office of priesthood. The altars were made of the choicest material, and were purified before the offerings were laid upon them. All this training in symbols was to help the Hebrew people to grasp the thought of the meaning of the word *holiness.*

All through the Old Testament we see symbolized by its oftentimes barbaric and childish ceremonies, truths which the world even yet has not fully grasped. The two most sacred facts of the Christian religion are symbolized in the sacraments of baptism and the communion table.

This characteristic of the human mind explains why we turn to the great poets of the race for a presentation of the deepest philosophy of life, rather than to the great philosophers who give to us these same truths in abstract form. Homer has done more for the world than has Socrates. Dante purified the religion of his age far more effectually than did Thomas Aquinas. Shakespeare portrayed majesty and sanctity of the institutional world far more forcibly than did John Knox with all his pleading. Goethe has raised the modern world to a realization of the unity and universality of life in a more far-reaching way than Kant, Fichte or Hegel.

This is why kindergartners turn to literature rather than to philosophy, for aid in solving the great problems of the race. Much of the Sunday-school work of the present day is shorn of its value by the teacher's non-realization of the right use of symbols.

Many misunderstandings of a child could be avoided were this need of symbolic teaching rightly comprehended. Much of his innocent pleasure is marred as well. A good illustration of this is the refusal of many honest parents to give to their children the idea of Santa Claus, which is but the old Teutonic embodiment or personification of the Christian thought of great love which shows itself by giving. The gay, joyous nature of the innocent Santa Claus, but personifies the willingness and gladness with which the Great Love gives to His children — mankind.

The traditional fireplace, through which the beloved Santa Claus gains entrance into the home, is in itself a symbol of that center of light, and warmth, and comfort, which love lights in every true home. The mystery of the coming and going of this great-hearted lover of good little children, is but the embodied way of expressing that mystery of love which makes labor light and sacrifice a pleasure.

Over and over again have I had really honest and earnest parents expostulate with me for telling to their children the great mythical stories by which the race learned its most beautiful lessons of the nobility and grandeur of life, some of which are so rich and full and significant, that centuries have not dimmed their luster, nor lessened their power of holding and impressing the childish mind.

I remember one father who was much interested in the daily life of his little daughter in the kindergarten, bringing me quite sharply to task for having told the story of the lion and the mouse. "I cannot understand why you should do it," said he, "when there is not one word of truth in the whole thing." "Excuse me," was my reply, "so long as the grateful and loving heart can find ways and means of being of service to the beings about it, so long as the great and mighty can be led to feel their dependence upon the humble, that story is true. No more needed sermon was ever preached, no greater truth was ever proclaimed than the one which lies embodied in that simple fable which was one thousand years old before Æsop made use of it."

Most vital of all is the close resemblance which we see between the early religions of the race and the dawning of the religious instinct in the child. Both are founded on awe for that which is greater than self. This solemn wonder can degenerate so easily into superstition or can be raised so readily into reverence which is the foundation of all true worship and which leads the young soul into the consciousness of companionship and communion with the Divine, — the end and aim of all true living!

THE VALUE OF THE IDEALS SET FORTH IN THE "MOTHER-PLAY-BOOK."

An Address delivered before the National Educational Association at Washington, D. C., July 7th, 1898.

If, as another has said, "All profoundly great books are preceded by profoundly deep living," then surely Froebel's "Mother-Play-Book" has a right to its place in the world's great literature. If we read Frederich Froebel's autobiography, and see the sensitive, introspective, misunderstood child grow into the earnest, aspiring lad, reaching out after knowledge in every direction; satisfied with nothing until he gets at the root of it; overcoming obstacles which would have turned many a noble, ambitious youth into a commonplace drudge; if we follow him still farther, as he begins one avocation after another, only to drop each because it does not satisfy his spiritual hunger, seeming to have no regard whatever for the external, remunerative side of the question; if, as a young man, we watch him write in his farmer friend's album the prophetic words, "You may give to men their bread, I would give to them their spiritual food;" and later on, unhesitatingly lay aside his life plans to join the army of his nation, because he felt that he could not teach patriotism to children unless he had himself stood the supreme test of patriotism, by offering his life

for his country; if in his letters to his more intimate friends we have revealed to us the anguish of soul through which he passed, as he slowly came into the sublime idea of the meaning of life; if we catch the contagion of his enthusiasm, and have communicated to us some touch of the Divine consecration, which lifted him above poverty and misfortune and apparent failure, and kept him strong and cheery to the end; if we recall these things, surely we will stand ready to exclaim, "The first requisite of a great book, is here; a deep, fervent life has been lived."

This conclusion is confirmed by all who were drawn into co-operative work with him. All who came in contact with the real man, almost without exception, so far as I have ascertained, forgot the obscure village school teacher, his shabby clothes, his peculiar manners, his "queer notions," and beheld a great spiritual leader; a prophet who saw far into the future, the coming destiny of the human race.

Even since he has passed away from the sight of men, all who have studied his writings, and have *tried to live* according to the truths that he revealed, have been filled with what one of our leading educators has called "almost a fanatical zeal," but which has been more fitly termed by Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie as a "Divine enthusiasm." I know of no man or woman, who has really grasped the true meaning of the kindergarten, who has not been broadened and deepened, and strengthened, until he or she has been transformed into a richer type of human being. I say this, after twenty years of

observation and experience; others will tell you the same thing.

If such was his own external life, and such his influence upon the lives of others, what may we not expect, when we turn to the culminating expression of his inner life, in its outer form of writing. He left few books to the world, as he was pre-eminently a practical worker-out of ideals, not merely a dreamer, or theorist, or even a philosopher. As each new insight came to him, he put it to the most vital of all tests,— *living it.*

I will not speak of his autobiography nor of his letters which have been so excellently translated into English — nor is this the time or place to speak of his "Pedagogics," which is a compilation in several volumes of his more fragmentary writings, part of which only have been translated into English.

We have not time here to dwell at length upon his "Education of Man," a mere cursory reading of which will convince every thoughtful mind of the greatness of vision possessed by its author. It proves beyond dispute, that Froebel was not simply the founder of a method of development for little children, but an educator who saw, from the beginning of life, its end and high destiny, and traced with clearness and logical connectedness, the needs of its various stages of infancy, childhood, and boyhood, with here and there sweeps far out into manhood, and the duties and responsibilities of parenthood. He explains the breadth of his thought in these words: "The whole of nature,

up to the appearance of man, the whole of history, from the beginning of the human race, through all the past up to the present moment, and still onward to the final consummation, stand before my soul, in one accurate representation of true education."

Our theme to-day is "Kindergarten Ideals." The "Mother-Play-Songs" was written later in life than any of his other books, and was intended to illustrate to mothers and teachers of young children, how to lead the young child, easily and naturally, into a consciousness of the "truths that sit sublime as directive power upon the throne of life; the truths of God, freedom, and immortality."

In referring of this book, Froebel said: "I have here laid down the fundamental ideas of my educational theory; whoever has grasped the pivot idea of this book, understand at what I am aiming." In speaking of it, the Baroness Marenholtz Von Bulow, one of the most devoted friends and sympathetic understanders of Froebel's work, says: "Notwithstanding the fact that the form of the book is capable of being improved (when its substance is really understood), it is not only new and important, *but it is, in the highest degree, a production of genius. It reveals the process of development of the whole instinctive life of the child, and converts the intuitive, aimless action of mothers into an intelligent plan, in a way which has never before been interpreted.*"

Dr. Wichard Lange, one of the most famous educators of Germany, says of the book: "It

is not a formal system of early lessons for children, but is a moral whole, held together by one pervading fundamental idea, and impressing wonderfully all who are open to its influences." Miss Elizabeth Peabody, who has the honor of having first introduced the kindergarten into America, writes: "This book stands unique in world's literature."

I could quote from many other authorities, who speak with equal enthusiasm and earnestness of the value of the book. Let us turn rather to the help which it gives to mothers and kindergartners, in solving their practical problems, in order that we may disabuse any mind of unfair prejudices, which may have arisen from a mistaken idea that it is the fine-spun theory of a German philosopher, or the beautiful dream of a poetic idealist, — of very little use to the average American mother or teacher.

The truth of the matter is that it is of more real value to both the mother, and the teacher, with the every-day problems of the family and the schoolroom than any book that I have ever studied. It deals with incidents universal enough to have taken place in the life of any child, and which do occur in the lives of most children, and shows the full meaning of the seemingly insignificant manifestations and experiences of childhood.

A glance through a half dozen of its plays and songs will show what familiar incidents were selected: an infant fresh from his morning bath is spontaneously tossing his limbs about; a mother is

playfully teaching her little one to sit alone; a group of children are testing the power of the wind by flying a kite, or running against it with a paper windmill; a baby is peering into his empty cup, to see if all the bread and milk are gone; a boy is testing a juicy plum or biting a sour apple; a mother is teaching her little one how to smell a rose by smelling it with him; a child is interested in the swinging of the pendulum of the clock; a baby is learning to play pat-a-cake with his little hands; some children are feeding the chickens; a lad reaches his hand into the water to seize a fish that flashes below. These and like simple incidents, are the texts from which Froebel preaches to us some of the deepest and most profoundly spiritual sermons ever preached by prophet, priest, or sage.

Let us consider what the ideals are which he has set forth in this book. First, what is Froebel's ideal of the development needed by the child himself? Second, what environment is nearest the ideal for this development; and, third, what are the ideal relationships of the child to the rest of mankind and to God?

First. In every consideration of the child's own development, it is always with reference to his threefold nature; every song and game in the book is given as an illustration of how to develop simultaneously the body, the mind, and the spirit, and the relationship of each to the other. The body is to be developed, not for the sake of its own physical perfection merely, but in order that it may become

a strong, free, and beautiful instrument of the soul, expressing as naught else can express the heights and depths of the inner world. Until this view of bodily development is taken, we shall not reach physical perfection, unaccompanied by either brutal passion on the one hand, as is too often seen in the prize-fighter, or self-conscious artificiality which mars the grace of so many public speakers. The right development of the body reacts upon the soul. Froebel shows in "*Play with the Limbs*" how physical energy put forth by the child in pushing away any obstacle, which prevents the free and joyous tossing of his limbs, awakens a corresponding consciousness of inner power; and, again, points out to us in "*Brothers and Sisters*" how the quiet folding of the baby's hands tends to produce an inner collectedness or unification which is the first step towards the comprehension of true religion; namely, the unity of all things in God, in whom we live and move and have our being.

Nor would he have the young child develop merely physically and spiritually, but he would develop the intellect by words, which though simple and childlike, are yet pregnant with meaning. The emotions, too, he would have stirred by soft sweet music. Thus the spiritual life need not be founded upon vague theories or sentimental dreams, but grounded in experiences which arise from the union of thought and emotion, and which grow into deed.

As an illustration of the practical manner in which he shows how this threefold development

may be carried out, let us take his little song of "The Weather-Vane;" almost any other song would serve as well. Here the child is taken by his mother on a windy day for a walk. He, being an embodiment of activity himself, notices the moving weather-vane, the swaying branches of the tree, and other objects which are in motion, and by the law, which is as universal as it is wholesome, he tries to understand the cause of the movement, by experiencing the same in his own life; in other words, he begins to imitate the moving weather-vane with his hand. Now comes the mother's part: seeing that her child is trying to translate the meaning of the outside world, by taking it into himself, and putting it forth in his own baby fashion, she assists him by helping him to turn his hand, bent to a horizontal position, now this way, now that, and accompanies the little play with the song, sweet, simple, and suggestive, in that it connects the invisible power of the *wind* in the world about him, with the invisible power of the *will* in the world within him. Simple as this play is, it not only awakens new physical and pleasurable activities of the body, and increases the accuracy of the child's powers of observation, but it leads him also to reasoning concerning the *cause* of the manifestation he sees about him, and stirs within him the vague presentiment of the truth, that all external objects and activities are the result of this invisible, intangible, but not entirely uncomprehended force, energy, or life. In his com-

mentary on this little play, Froebel explains to the mother how that, in the child's effort to understand the cause which moves the weather-vane, he is reaching out after the cause which moves the universe. Thus the young soul begins the most sublime inquiry which can occupy the human mind. Were there time, I could show you how each little game not only exercises some of the muscles and senses of the child's body, and aids in the development of his powers of observation, comparison, classification and other mental activities, but also how each one of these simple songs leads the mother into the realization that her child, in his every effort, is striving in true, childish fashion, to understand himself, God, and the universe!

No view of child-nature short of this ever-present struggle to understand spirit and to manifest spirit, is accepted for a moment by Froebel. He holds up always the one thought that human life is the Divine life striving to manifest itself in concrete form. That in this manifestation, body, mind, and spirit, each has its place. Each must be understood and respected — aye, even reverenced, if the whole is to show forth the God-thought given to that particular human being to develop.

Second. Turn now to the ideal environment held up by this apostle of childhood, as the fittest and most wholesome surrounding for the unfolding of the power within, as well as the absorption of power from without. In almost every song in the book, the mother is the child's companion, not sim-

ply that she may attend to his bodily needs and protect him from harm, but as his sympathetic comrade, ready to aid his every effort at self-expression, as well as his every attempt to increase his knowledge of the outside world. Nay, more, — she may so understand the spiritual meanings of these efforts that she will lead him past failure to the successful expression of what is stirring within, — to definite knowledge of what is reached for from without, if she realizes that all endeavor, all aspiration, is the voice of God calling to the human soul to overcome its present limits, to come up higher. If the mother or teacher could only once read this transcendently beautiful volume — a child's soul — written by the hand of God Almighty Himself! — we should never again hear of the drudgery of baby-tending, the narrowness of domestic life, the self-sacrifice of motherhood, nor the dreariness of a teacher's work! The first would be transformed into the office of the high priest attending upon the shrine, within the holy of holies. The second would be entrance upon a course of culture, of both intellectual and spiritual growth, the like of which no university in the world furnishes. The third would be the glad exchange of a life of trivial pleasures and non-essential occupations, for the highest and holiest and most lasting *joy* that can come to the human soul; and the schoolroom would become the Garden Beautiful, in which bloom immortal flowers.

A noble woman once said to me, "I never make

a sacrifice, — I always weigh the alternatives, and choose the higher. Surely that is no sacrifice." Could every woman look at motherhood — be it physical motherhood or spiritual motherhood — in this way, she would soon see that she was merely giving up external, oftentimes unsatisfying activities, that she might accept the deep, rich satisfaction of an inner life at one with the Divine — co-worker with God! I do not mean by this that unnecessary sacrifice of health or strength or time or intellectual growth or social pleasures are to be made; but rather, that all these should be so understood and used, that each woman who has consecrated herself to childhood may be the better and stronger for her great work. I know of no other book which will so uplift and inspire the mother-hearted woman, until she is able to accept just this view of her calling, as does this "Mother-Play-Book."

The first essential, then, in the right unfolding of the child's nature, is right motherhood. There are many spiritual mothers who have never borne children, but they are mothers all the same, often protecting and nourishing the best that is in a child when the woman who gave him birth is blind to his real needs.

The very first play-song in the book leads her to feel that the vague stirrings of physical activity in the child are a "hint from heaven," given to her, that through the outer life she may awaken and quicken the inner life. It shows her that in her instinctive and necessary training of her child to

sit alone, she is also helping him to become conscious of his own distinct individuality, and to get control of the same. In feeding him his bowl of bread and milk, she learns that she can change his sense of loss to one of gain by bringing to him the higher forms of use which prove that nothing is really lost. Even his first feeble exercise of his senses, opens to her "a door where the spirit glows in light revealed," and according as she embraces her opportunity or neglects it, sensations become the demonic masters or the faithful servants of the child. The playful imitation of the to and fro of the clock's pendulum, which always attracts the child by its visible measurement of time, is made the means of leading him to desire, priceless gifts of order, law, punctuality, and self-control, in that it attracts him to the doing of the right thing at the right time, regardless of impulse or outer persuasions. In the swing-swang-swing of the little game of "Grass Mowing," she leads her darling into the dawning perception of that great truth, — the solidarity and hence interdependence of the race. And so I might go on and on, throughout the songs of the entire book, and show in each some great, underlying truth, that makes all life glorious to the degree that it is understood and lived.

But we must hasten on to the second scarcely less important element in the ideal environment of child life. If consecrated and intelligent motherhood, through the power of love, discerns and aids

the growing soul in its unfolding, the constant contact with nature, in her free out-of-door aspect, leads this same soul into consciousness of the love and power and mystery of the Divine mind by which he is surrounded. There are but three pictures in the "Mother-Play-Book" from which the out-of-door world is shut out. The hills and streams, the earth and air, and sky above, are made his silent teachers. The birdlings in the nest help him to comprehend the depth of family life; the flowers that grow in the garden become his messengers of love that overflow the meager boundary of words; the gleaming fish as it darts through the water, the songful bird as it mounts in the air, stir his own sense of joyous freedom; the ants that are busy in the ground below his feet and the stars that shine in the firmament above his head are his companions; "he knows no limitations that separate him from heaven." In his play with the light, he learns, as did his race before him, the beauty and joy of the good. In the shadows, he feels the nature and limitations of evil. Even the negative side of brute life, as shown in the pictures of "The Wolf and the Wild Boar," gives him the repulsiveness of selfishness and greed, the responsibility of the higher orders of creation for the lower. If his own soul can be called a beautiful volume written by the hand of God, this great wonderful world about him is the vaster expression of that same Infinite Mind, some of whose words took centuries of time for their deciphering. In his "Edu-

cation of Man," Froebel says: "What religion expresses, science represents; what contemplation of God teaches, nature confirms; for nature, as well as all existing things, is a manifestation of God." This he would have the mother or teacher feel until all the earth becomes one vast temple in which to worship.

Third. Turn now to the more extended ideals contained in these "Nursery Songs." All education has, or should have, a twofold aim; not only is the individuality of the child to be considered, and as favorable conditions as possible established for its right development, but he is also to be trained to realize that he is a part of the human race, and has advantages and privileges, duties and responsibilities, which arise from his relationship to the rest of mankind. To the degree in which this side of his education has been attended to, does he grow into a conscientious parent, an honest workman, a loyal citizen and a broad-minded lover of humanity. This as well as other training must begin with the child's first consciousness of his relationship to others, else it is never complete. Froebel says, when the child's face first shows a smile in response to the mother's smile, his sense of companionship is awakened, and it remains with her as to whether this union with the rest of mankind shall be too slightly felt, to check the egotism, selfishness and self-assertion, which will inevitably shut the soul in the dungeon of isolation, where life's truest and greatest bless-

ings can never reach him, or, on the other hand, the bond of brotherhood with all mankind be established until it grows so strong and beautiful that the land of love and the sunshine of spiritual companionship shall always be his.

I know of no more charming or surer indication of inner wholesomeness than that of the child who fears no stranger, but meets each new-comer as his friend. In order that this happy condition may be maintained, it is necessary that the ideals of right family life, of the true significance of labor, of the only just basis of the world of commerce and trade, of the noble self-sacrifice of true citizenship, of the breadth and depth and sublime beauty of the true church invisible, shall be laid before him. Almost all of the crime and degradation of soul which is in the world to-day, come because the right ideals of these ethical relationships have not been understood, or, if understood, they have not become such an integral part of life that the pain of violating them outweighs the supposed gratification or pleasure which is to be gained by this violation.

I have seen almost every face in a mothers' class become luminous as lesson after lesson in this book, "unique in all literature," has revealed to the inner eye, the deeper meaning of the joyous little play, in which the baby's limbs are taught —

> "To stamp the flax seed out at length,
> To make the oil so clear and bright,
> That feeds the pretty lamp all night."

in order that he may learn to understand his part in the great drama of protecting and being protected, the comprehension of which harmonizes all differences in position, sanctifies all labor, purifies all love, and explains at last to the struggling soul, its relationship to the Divine. I have watched the minds of these women expand, and their lives broaden as they discussed the far-reaching meaning of the childish song of "Grass Mowing," in which the baby learns to thank the man for his mowing, the maid for her milking, the cook for the baking, and mamma for her serving of his simple supper of bread and milk, "so no thanks forgotten are."

Almost incredible as it may seem to any who have not caught the spirit of the book, I am but one of many witnesses, who can tell of the revolution in the treatment of servants, which has come from the realization on the part of the mother, that her child was being robbed of the great clarifying vision of the right relationship of capital and labor, by her not teaching him in childhood to show due appreciation of those whose labor makes his home a place of cleanliness and comfort.

I know of one household where an educated and refined young girl, who, in order to get an opportunity to finish her education, willingly accepted the duty of caring for several children during the hours in which she was not engaged in her studies. She was required to don a maid's cap and apron, and eat her meals in the kitchen with an ignorant, vulgar cook, and a coarse, almost

brutal man of all work, not through any cruelty on the part of the mother of the children, but merely, as the latter explained to me when I protested, in order that the children might learn class distinction. "It is a part of their training for society," she pleaded. I was again in this same home five years later, during which time the mother of the family had been a constant student of kindergarten ideas and philosophy. This time I found a wholesome, motherly woman in charge of the kitchen, a quiet, honest man performiug the domestic duties outside of the house, and *each child doing some portion of the housework each day*, as his or her share in the home making, so elevated had become the mother's view of service.

Let us take the baby play of "pat-a-cake," so familiar in every nursery, played gleefully but thoughtlessly by almost every mother in the land. With deep insight Froebel saw, in this simple game, the means by which the child may be introduced into the obligations, as well as the advantages of co-operative labor. He must make his little cake in time to have it baked along with the others, not expect the established order of society to bend to his mood or convenience.

With the little game of "Target," in which the child plays that he is about to make a purchase and learns that he must pay for the desired possession, and why he must pay, he is introduced to a new world, but one in which he must live all the rest of his life,— the world of com-

merce and trade which gives to the civilized community the benefit of all the advancement made in all parts of the world. With this easy child-like little play, he gets the practical illustration of the need of money in order that one man or one nation may barter the products of its labor, not by the clumsy exchange of herds, flocks and merchandise, but by the more convenient and uniformly valued medium of coins and bank notes, and learn that money represents so much past effort or skill, stored up in the convenient form of these coins or bank notes. I wish I had time to dwell at length upon the importance of training of children in the right estimate and use of money, and all the choice and self-control that grows out of it.

"The Charcoal Burner," "The Carpenter," "The Joiner," "The Wheelwright," each and all open doors into the great trade world, by which the child is surrounded and shown beyond the material prosperity presented in their foreground, a background where are seen the eternal foundations of all laws of sociology which bind human activity into one whole. I firmly believe that when these songs are rightly understood by parents, so that they will become a part of the child's thought life, a large amount of the present struggle between capital and labor will be done away with.

In the two songs of the "Toyman and the Maiden," and "The Toyman and the Boy," are given to us not only the motives which should govern all expenditure of money, but also hints and

suggestions of that deeper lesson of choice, the right or wrong learning of which means victory or ruin to many a soul. The value of service, the dignity of labor, the need of skill, the power of industry, are all shown in their true light, until the young mind learns to scorn idleness and uselessness, and the childish heart longs to add its name to the list of the world's workers. No wonder that Froebel looked prophetically toward America as the future center of the ideal education. Here, and here alone, amid all the nations, is an idle class looked down upon, and the privileged class is the class which has earned its privileges. May every true American strive to keep it so!

I can but briefly touch upon the ideal set forth in this remarkable book, concerning the deepest and most profound of all relationships, that of the human soul to the Divine source of its being. For after all, no matter what our external activities or achievements may have been, nor what prodigious growth our human relationships may have attained, when the great deep crises of life come, be they of joy or of sorrow, each human soul stands in its inmost chamber — alone with God. Hence the most vital of all questions is the one, "How shall we so train the child that he shall rise unto a clear consciousness of his oneness with God." To me, the most beautiful and satisfying thing in this book embodying as it does a great man's "vision of truth," is the sweet, simple way in which he shows the mother how to lead, day by day, the young immortal lov-

ingly, reverently, and naturally back to its All-Father. No dogma or creed is taught to the mind too young to comprehend their significance, but instead the whole life becomes one of trusting love, of gentle reverence, and of earnest childish endeavor to realize and bring into outer form the "image of God," which lies within his breast. Of all the books which I have ever read upon the religious training of children, this book excels, both in simple practical methods as well as in transcendent faith of the Divine destiny of man.

Such are the ideals which shine resplendent from the pages of this spirit-illumined book. The whole child, body, mind and spirit, is to be considered, a loving sympathetic mother is to guide the young traveler on life's journey, in his excursions into the outside world, which he is to master, to transform, and if he reaches his highest destiny, to transfigure into some lasting expression of the "vision of truth" as it comes to his soul, thereby adding not only to the material riches of the world, but also helping to lift mankind up to a higher plane of spiritual existence. Through his comprehension of his relationship to his fellow-men, he is to learn that all lives that are truly lived are beautifully lived, and hence that it matters not if the external activity is that of hewer of wood, drawer of water, leader of army, or writer of books. If the work performed is the ideal expression of the spirit within, it is truly "a work of art," and exercises an elevating and ennobling influence upon all who come

in contact with it. In the home of a friend of mine there lived for seven years, a quiet, unlettered, simple-hearted domestic, who, by her promptness, faithfulness, cheerfulness, and gentle patience, transformed the entire family.

A much prized influence comes to me from an unobtrusive office assistant in a friend's office. My admiration for the absolute reliance which can always be placed upon her attending to every duty connected with her position has many a time made me hold on to a disagreeable or irksome task until it was completed. Who among you is there who can not bear like testimony to the honor and dignity of some quiet life?

Froebel shows how fully he appreciates this truest meaning of the word *Art* by the last song and picture in the Mother-Play-Book, in which he represents the child, thus ideally developed, as an artist, freely and happily using the materials of the outside world, to express the thoughts and ideas of his inner life, creating, as did the Great Creator, a world which shall reflect himself. Greater joy than this, can come into no man's life!

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